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[AN INSTRUMENT OF VENGEANCE.]

## LADY VIOLET'S VICTIMS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE GIPSEYS' CAMP.

Heaven holds no rage  
Like love to hatred turned;  
Nor hell a fury  
Like a woman scorned.

MIDNIGHT in the gipseys' camp, thick and impalpable shades of darkest night, with the darkness rendered more impenetrable still by the heavy trees of a surrounding plantation.

It was a heath—wild as Salisbury Plain, desolate as Sahara, a lonely, deserted tract of country, inhabited by a curious Romany tribe, whose hand is supposed to be against every man, and every man's hand against theirs.

But these gipseys, grim and severe as was their manner of livelihood, had all the fierce passions, the terrible unscrupulousness, the love so exclusive as to be cruelty, which is one of the chief characteristics of the race. They clung together through evil report and good report; they shared each other's sorrows, hopes, joys, fears, and revenges. And the revenge which has no foresight was one of the chief dogmas in the religion of the gipseys.

They were now for the most part asleep, with the exception of one woman, who slowly traversed the heath, and whose mournful beauty seemed in character with the surrounding loneliness.

A grand, massive head, brows like Egyptian friezes, and the majesty of old Egypt in her every movement; the lissom, serpentine grace

that harmonised with the perfection of mute, inanimate nature.

The woman seemed to grow out of the darkness as a spirit of night; the others slept. She alone, mute and restless, waited for the dawn. What she waited for few imagined; every now and then kneeling, she would set fire to small stray particles of the heath's stubble, and then extinguish it with the sharp blade of the knife she wore in her belt; and then she would feel the edge of this knife and smile, as if an enemy's breast were ready to receive its thrust.

A tragic face was the gipsy woman's; the arms were strong, almost brutal in their force, but the symmetry was perfect, and when she lifted them above her head, as she did now and then, appealing, as it were, to the night for solace and support, they seemed exponents of a misery too tense to find utterance in sound.

The gipseys' tents had been fixed several weeks upon the heath, and were ragged and brown from constant exposure to the weather. Every gipsy stole, as a matter of course, and their lurchers were curious specimens of the canine race—animals that rivalled their masters in theft and dexterity, for they never saw the inside of a gaol, and if they were sometimes hung from age or incapacity, had the advantage of having lived in freedom and ease.

Even in this rough, primitive state of existence, amid hardships and toil, ignorance and savagery, one human being at least had lived apart from the rest, in solitary grandeur of thought, in solitary musings of grief—the woman who roamed over the heath this

autumnal night, and listened to the wail of the banshee in every blast. Her name was Aphra Bourne.

"Just a week this very hour since he returned," she muttered, throwing a scarlet scarf over her head, and nearly hiding the rich raven hair. "And he starts for London tomorrow morning by the earliest train that leaves the station. Yes! I will watch and wait at the corner of Hildrid Wood. The sight of him will give me courage to carry out my vengeance."

Wild and phantom-like, she sunk down upon the heath, and every syllable she had spoken fell from her lips with the force of the instinctive hatred of a creature who has been foully wronged and betrayed.

"We move on so soon from the heath," she continued; "the deed I have planned must be carried out at once. Could I rest without revenge? To plot his destruction and hers would have been mere malice. I will bring a blight of another kind on the great house of Allerton. I will rob them of their firstborn—he—their son, shall be our victim. Ah! Sir Phoenix Allerton, you shall rue the day when you defied the gipsy's wrath, and were cold to her tears."

She thought as she spoke of those other days so long past now, when the earl wandered about the woods till the moon rose, and cherished the half savage beauty of the woman he had long abandoned.

Nothing was left to her now but vengeance, and she knew what she could do. Strike an unseen blow, and live after that. Yes! this craving for blood might cease if their child were but at her mercy, and their hearts sick at its loss.

The hours seemed very long till morning. Aphra took some hard biscuits from her pocket, broke them in little pieces, and swallowed them mechanically. If the pain at her heart would but cease! If her restlessness could but be calmed by action!

Aphra grew calmer as she pictured the accomplishment of her plot; it was sweeter to think of the despair later on at the castle than of her own woes; they had made her feverish, half mad, and wicked; her health, her peace of mind long since had perished; and now the hour had come that should atone for all.

She would wait like a creature at bay, and take one last look at his face, and then act. The deadly coldness of the heath, however, at last, began to take effect; she thought of the respectable people who now were asleep in their beds, and that the earl rejoiced that his proud name would descend to posterity. He had never loved his wife. She had heard people say it was a marriage for money to save himself from ruin.

There was nothing grand or noble in this man; he was only a petty, commonplace scoundrel after all, for all his ancestral acres; but Aphra only knew she had loved him for himself.

The cold seemed to strike agony into her limbs. She walked backwards and forwards, now lighting the stubble, and warming her hands in the flames, then extinguishing it with the knife, as she had done many nights previously. Five hours till morning, till the rider she waited for should appear.

"If they suspected the truth," she muttered, pointing to the tents, "they'd think no more of murdering me than of hunting a hare. I know what became of Emma Grey: one of our people followed and killed her in the forest. 'Twas more than half thought Lion Darratt had a hand in it, but they have never once suspected me."

She had wandered all over London alone and unfriended, returning to the tribe at the appointed time, bringing money and even jewels, earned by fortune-telling and palmistry. The law was against the Romanies, she knew, but Aphra evaded it successfully, and many town-bred folk listened in wonder and amazement to her histories, and treated her kindly as a being peculiarly gifted; many artists offered sums of money to copy that ripe tawny loveliness that belonged to the old world, and had an attraction the more civilised rarely possessed.

"I knew I could never be his wife," she continued; "that no coronet could ever adorn this dusky brow, but he promised to be faithful unto death."

She repeated the word in a low sing-song voice, listening the while to the village clock chiming in the distance, and in listening she fell asleep.

Aphra woke towards morning, drenched to the skin. A sharp shower had fallen during the night, but now the dawn arose fair and clear, and the sheen of sunlight flecked the distant hills, and shone down on the stately Towers of Sir Phoenix Allerton's home.

"In ten minutes he will be here," she cried, walking hastily to the edge of the heath. "I fancy already I can hear the clatter of his horse's hoofs along the road. There are some women who would have thought the price of his life the only fit atonement, but I have decided on another vengeance, a lasting wrong! Ah! courage, Aphra! 'tis the boldest player that wins after all!"

And even as she spoke the faint echo of horse's hoofs sounded, and Sir Phoenix, mounted on a magnificent three-year-old, dashed by the heath, in time for the gipsy to witness the graceful curve of his form, and to note the extreme happiness of his expression.

The earl was a man of about forty-four—a man of the world to the core; and he had saved himself from the clutches of money-lenders and poverty by a wealthy marriage

with the only child of a rich brewer, Gibson by name, who thought a hundred thousand down was a small price to pay to secure a coronet and title for his only child; and Lady Allerton had been presented at court the previous season, attired in a dress that had received the gracious approbation of her Majesty, for the train was looped up with real roses, the novelty of the idea and its freshness being much admired.

Sir Phoenix was too much occupied with his own thoughts to note the form of the woman half concealed by the furze along the heath side. He was en route for London, to see that the improvements he wished carried out in his town mansion were satisfactorily progressing; he meant to order a parure of pearls for Lady Allerton and a new landau, and some orchids for her conservatory. A man who marries a wealthy woman, and has escaped from being taxed by the onus of sixty per cent., must necessarily at times be pre-occupied and thoughtful.

Aphra's lips were compressed, and the cry that escaped them was a fiercer one than any of those uttered by the velvet-clad conventional grandes dames of his world. An element of laces, silks, and satins deaden sensibilities and everything else; but the strong animalism of the half savage woman—unclaimed by culture, tuition, or even self-respect—is a thing to fear. She drew out her dagger, and at the same time a handful of rare coins: with these she would tempt—through these should her object be attained.

And now fires were being kindled in the gipsy's tents. Lion Darratt, the chief, his gun slung over his shoulder, was sitting down to a capital breakfast of broiled hedgehog and bacon, washed down with copious libations of ale; his dogs sat near him intently watching his every movement; and an old gipsy, shading her eyes from the sun, appeared on the lookout for some arrival.

"Where's Aphra?" he asked, suddenly turning round. "I missed the lass yesterday at dinner-time. She's seemed strange lately, jealous perhaps of me; but I'm none of your sawney ones. I'm a fellow to speak his mind and have done with it."

"It isn't jealousy that's at work in Aphra," the other answered; "she looks above us entirely; what with her book-learning and that nonsense, she's quite given over to study."

"I thought she'd found that didn't answer by this time. I know she can barely read, and a good thing too, for if a person goes in for brains they're lost—that's a certainty; but Aphra's a way of making people put their hands in their pockets—which is fortunate, for poverty's a crime—and pay for her mysteries, that almost beats you."

"Or poor Emma Grey," suggested the old woman, injudiciously.

Lion Darratt put down his knife and fork and glared at her; the colour left his cheek as he said:

"Haven't I forbidden you to mention her name to me? A false, lying jade, a turn-coat, a thief."

"No, no, Lion. She never stole the coins that you found on her. She took them away as a remembrance of you. She never forgot her people, and sent me those grand neckerchiefs from Birmingham which I shall always keep by me as something sacred."

"If any Romany maiden is false to us," said Lion, pushing away his empty plate, "we don't withhold punishment; if she takes a lover away from our tribe—of that accursed race which always insults and derides our people—then she pays the penalty with her life. I have said it."

As he spoke Aphra entered the tent in time to hear his last words. She was counting over some rare gold pieces, and said, carelessly:

"Was it true Mary's child was found dead?"  
"Ay, lass, true enough, and 'twill be buried to-morrow. It's a pity, for she seemed really fond of it."

"Where's her husband, Lion?"

"He's busy out with some of the others, carting seaweed along the shore."

"And Mary is alone?"

"Ay, lass, and 'twill comfort her a bit to see you. Sit down first and have some breakfast. You look none so well this morning. You stray about like some lost sheep, take care the wolves don't pursue you."

Aphra laughed.

"They know what it is to have to do with a gipsy. Our knives are sharp, and we never spare."

"I only wish we could govern kingdoms," said Lion, pouring out a fresh supply of ale, "instead of the present lot that do. I 'ye think we'd let there be wars lasting for years? No, our quarrels should be settled quicker than that." He loosened the rough blue handkerchief round his neck, and lighting his pipe he watched Aphra musingly. "You're a rare handsome girl, no mistake about it; and so those artist fellows in London paid high for sketching you. There was one here yesterday painting away on the heath, drawing our tents on his canvas, and I made free to watch him too. Says he: 'You're a perfect type of lawlessness and barbarism. They were long words, but I made them out by-and-bye, and he tipped me five shillings when he left, and made so free as to drink a glass of ale with me too.'"

"You're a knack of making friends," said Aphra, throwing back her scarlet scarf, and shaking her hair free of fillet or hair-pin, so that it streamed to her waist, "and I might never have left London but for a hankering I had to see our people again. I could not forget the glow about the woods in autumn, and the purple heather on which I have slept so many summer nights. The sky's a fairer ceiling, Lion, than that of the smoke-dried London room, and I'd sooner see the dawn rise over yonder valley than all the fine sights the city holds."

"You're not tired of a wandering life then, Aphra? You're not weary of the gloomy moorland where winter's snows descend?"

"I shall wander till I die," she answered, "and then you will one day find me drenched with rain and dew, on some cold fell-side."

"And why not think of living, Aphra. You've refused to marry me often enough before this, but I've felt somehow sick at heart when you were away from me. I missed something; we've known each other from childhood, and I don't see why we shouldn't pass all the rest of our lives together."

No," said Aphra, firmly. "I shall live and die alone. D'y'e know, Lion, what becomes of an animal that's wounded past cure? It leaves the herd to wander by itself, no spring refreshes it, no food can nourish it."

"Dashed if I don't think you're in love with some accursed Christian," said the gipsy, pouring out some brandy in a glass and offering it to Aphra. "I shall try and discover who he is."

"Better not," said Aphra, moving aside. "I wouldn't repay you for your trouble. I have a purpose," she continued, motioning him aside. "Don't forget the fate of Emma Grey; she was false to us, and she perished. And there are those who sometimes believe Lion Darratt had a hand in the murder," she went on, pressing her hand to her breast. "Guy Weston, the pedlar from Exeter, thought he found traces of blood, and I—I could have given other evidence, but I stopped in time for your sake, Lion, and it isn't in any of us to give a chief up to justice."

The gipsy covered his face, and Aphra saw that he trembled as he hastily unloosed his neckerchief.

"So you will leave me in peace, will you not?" she continued, gently; "like a stag shot in a vital part, I shall drag myself away from you all very soon; but ask me no more questions—never seek to discover any trace of me after I have left you; and now show me the tent in which Mary is lying, I wish to speak with her."

He pointed across the heath towards a distant tent, and, without a word, Aphra waved him a silent farewell. The brandy gave her courage. She had no principle to guide her; she only followed the wild light of vengeance, and



if she herself perished in the flames what matter?

But for the moment she must be cold and practical. She hurried onward; to have paused and reflected would mean to be lost. And entering the tent, her eyes rested on Mary's dead child lying in its little cot, with a few wild flowers upon its breast.

The mother seemed sleeping, and was to all appearances dangerously ill and weak. Aphra placed some chips on the fire and began to blow the embers together, always watching the dead child's features with the same strange tense eagerness. Presently the mother spoke:

"Is that Aphra?" she asked, pausing between each syllable. "I've been so longing to get a sight of ye. Will ye help bury my poor baby, I'm far too weak to move, and get me a morsel of food, dearie?"

"Yes, yes," said Aphra, tenderly; "leave all to me. I heard you were weak and suffering, and so I came; and the poor child died, as we feared? Nay, don't weep, Mary, there are worse sorrows than yours—sorrows that leave the eyes dry, and the heart like an arid plain."

And yet she too wept as she spoke; the child, innocent instrument of her vengeance, seemed as if appealing against her plotted crime, it lay there so still, so tranquil, a silent victim that could never suffer, but through whom bitter wrong might be worked.

"You are sad, Aphra," said the gipsy woman, watching her kindly, "and you may trust me. You have loved and been betrayed! Love is madness, you are bound in invisible chains. Keep your secret safe; others have died through a lover's villany; the wrath of Lion Darratt once aroused will never be satisfied save with blood."

"You are mistaken," said Aphra, coldly; "one may weep without a man being connected with one's tears. Now tell me, Mary, when will you like the child buried? Shall I take it away with me now?"

"Let me give it one last kiss," said the mother, raising herself on her elbow, and turning to the child, "twill comfort me after. Yes, Aphra, take him away from my sight for ever, and bury him tenderly where the sun will shine on his grave, for his mother's sake."

Aphra rose, and wrapping the child in its little cotton sheet, carried it to the mother's side for the last time. The hour had come, she thought; Fate was assisting her; as she glided from the tent with the dead infant in her arms.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE GOLD COINS.

My breath comes, methinks, lighter, and the gelid blood runs freely through my veins.

WITH the might of self-conscious vigour, and the resolution that looks to the end and never falters, Aphra turned her steps towards Allerton Castle.

It was a splendid home, well befitting the "son of a hundred earls." The Allerton escutcheon hung from one of the windows, the motto being conspicuous in the sunshine, and the architecture of the building resembled the quaint grandeur of some old Norman baronial home, adorned with marble busts on each side; the terraces were of purest granite, on which fairest flowers bloomed.

Aphra understood nothing of all this. The outward semblance of wealth represented no more to her than the simplicity of poverty, as far as her own passions were concerned. That the man she had loved so madly should be an earl weighed no more on her consciousness than if he had been a simple squire, only her vengeance should be the same.

She had lived through the various phases of sorrow and despair—the secret burden of her heart bursting in silent woe, and there had been a time when Aphra found her thoughts aimless and disconnected, when her reason seemed suspended, and only hatred lived and burned in every vein. If any were trusting or

true, where was their reward? Pain ruled all, she thought, save the cruel and the false.

But the dead child wrapped in its little shroud, and reposing under the heavy weather-stained cloak, meant the accomplishment of a purpose. Aphra had been long delirious, with rambling fancies changing from gaiety to grief, but she had at least this one clear resolve before her.

She pressed her hands upon the dead child's breast, to assure herself it was here. Her impatient restlessness, her bitter scorn, should all end very soon, and then she would forgive afterwards.

Aphra was too much of a pagan to be tormented by remorseful doubts, her impulses were those of nature, such as pertain to beings reared amid rocks and woods, the forest's depths and ocean's murmurs.

Suffering and sacrifice were not understood by Pagans—suffering demanded a cure and a solace. That larger portion of the mind's sentiments and sympathies were dulled and clouded by ignorance, and possessed but one idea. One advantage untaught gipseys have over the gently reared is that they never fear danger.

Aphra dreaded no consequences; judgment and a prison never entered her mind, and if they had, she would have defied them. What was the fear of a prison to her at this hour; her wrath was like that of some tropic hurricane which uproots and tears, for no passion is so fierce as that of the desert.

Aphra was not unknown to the servants at the castle; they were familiar with her weird sayings, her constant gloom, her dark curious beauty, that had something majestic and unearthly in its very warmth and glow.

She reminded them of a character in some transpontine drama they had seen the previous season in London. She had as a matter of course told their fortunes while sitting in the glow of autumnal evenings, and so it was nothing unusual to see Aphra emerge from the courtyard, and pass through the smaller avenues to the stables, where dogs yelped at their chains, and where the groom who had followed his master to the station having now returned, was whistling at his work.

"Good morning, Aphra," he called out as she passed along, "you caused fine fright amongst the girls last time you came here with yer nonsense; cook sent away her dinner untouched, and swore she dreamt of the ghost in the avenue three nights running."

Aphra laughed.

"At least, your fortune was a bright one, Joe; you were to marry farmer Lane's youngest girl, and settle down near your father's place."

"I'm not a marrying sort," announced Joe. "Leave that for the elder ones. Here's coachman with his big family nigh upon eaten up, for all he has vegetables and milk given him. You'll find the servants for the most part dining at this hour, and maybe you'd take a bit with 'em?"

"Your master is away?" said Aphra, patting one of the dogs, and looking back over the valley.

"Yes, he left early this morning, 'afore six o'clock. The countess has just given orders she will drive at three; an hour after luncheon."

"Are they happy?" cried Aphra; the words escaping her almost unawares.

"Great folk take no account o' that," answered Joe, philosophically, "provided their debts are made easy, and my lady has a thousand a year to spend on her dress and nick-nacks, and my lord can hunt and smoke and do nothing but play the heavy swell all day long. They leave what you call happiness in each other's society out of the question. They're so seldom seen together, you know."

"Is it only us wild creatures who love?" she thought, thinking how fashion seemed to usurp all feeling, and selfishness reigned supreme.

"My lady is a splendid woman, tall and stately. If she's a year older than the earl, you could hardly tell it. She was a Gibson; all the Gibsons are wealthy. As for her jewels you should hear her maid talk of them; one necklet

is worth alone a thousand pounds. I often wonder why robbery has never been tried on at the castle," he ended, lowering his voice; "there's a regular gang of rogues about that would just like the pickings here."

Aphra smiled—a curious smile, void of light, such as we note in the changing clouds of a tropic sky, before a tempest.

"Maybe I'll look in on the servants," she said, nodding her head. "I've some beads they might like to buy; I could sell them a real bargain."

"It's my belief you've sold your own soul," he answered, grimly. "I never saw such eyes before. They'd burn a hole through a blanket."

Aphra was used to those comments; they passed her unmoved. She had once been likened to the Serpent of Old Nile, Fastina, the Empress Julia, and other celebrities, of whose destinies she must ever remain ignorant.

She was only a gipsy, doomed to bear a living death; to live and die uncared for, and still live on. She could barely read or write; a wild untaught being possessed with only one idea, and she went straight to her object with all the dogged determination of her race; she might fail, but the attempt should at least be made.

The servants welcomed her gladly. Life was very dull in this grand old Hampshire park; no glimpse of fashion, no scandal, barely a jest reached their ears, and the weather of late had been so wet that nothing but the dripping of rain disturbed the monotony of the place. Even the dogs in their kennels whined at the rain; the deer in the park looked woe-begone and wretched.

Lady Allerton, whose health was still delicate, being daily visited by the medical practitioner from Dovedale, the nearest village, longed to fill the house with guests, and give the housekeeper and servants plenty to do to fill up their time; they were apt to be idle, she thought, and the Gibsons have never been indulgent people to their employes; if they worked themselves they expected the same of others; and a parcel of "lazy bones eating their heads off" afflicted Lady Allerton's imagination, although she was now a countess, and supposed to be above such reflections. The Gibson blood was thick, but the Gibson intellect thicker still.

"It's the gipsy," the servants cried, as Aphra appeared. "Welcome; it's some days since we caught a glimpse of you, but you look none so well. Sit down and have a bit of dinner with us."

Aphra obeyed. She had come on a terrible errand, but she must raise no suspicion, merely divert their minds.

"It's to be hoped she isn't really a witch," the younger housemaid whispered; "how strange she looks with the scarlet about her head, and the heavy gold earrings. They say witches divine your thoughts, and know all about the future."

"Do you fear me?" said Aphra, suddenly turning round. "Why do you shrink from me? You will want your fortune told by-and-bye, I daresay."

"She may be a disguised princess, who knows," muttered the cook, who was given to romance reading; "look at the gold coins she has drawn from her pocket, and I do believe they are real jewels she wears about her arms and breast."

Aphra threw a handful of gold on the table, and now her large eyes flashed with a fierce eagerness.

"See, I will cross your palms with these. I don't ask you for money, I offer it instead to you."

"She is really rich," said the housemaid, nervously.

"Your hand," cried Aphra, rising, and reaching out her own. "See this coin is of rarest value; it came from Egypt; it was blessed by the High Priest of our faith; and this jewel I wear here," pointing to her breast, "came from the Temple, and was given to me because I saved his life."

There was a pause after her words. She looked so weird and strange, a being gifted with prophetic power, above earth's narrowness and meanness.

All their little schemes, hopes and craftiness paled before this influence, at once searching and mysterious, her own intensity of recklessness affected them; they half trembled as they listened.

"There is much happiness before you," she continued, examining the girl's hand. "You will lead a peaceful life, children will bless you, and a good man's true love protect you from trouble, and you may keep the coin, it's worth its weight, for it's good gold."

The girl seemed delighted with her good fortune, and said a few kind words of gratitude in return.

Aphra distributed her coins right and left, the servants apparently astonished at her munificence.

"Tell me of her—your mistress," the gipsy cried, rising and standing before the hearth. "I've never yet once seen her, for we are never allowed to enter a church, and that's the only place I could ever get a glimpse of her. The beadle's a deal too grand to even let me stand in the porch. It's 'move on, ye vagrant'—that's all we get from him; but it's just as well to be civil to a gipsy, for there's that in a gipsy's curse few dream of."

"The countess is not a pleasant person to live with," answered the housemaid. "The earl had a splendid fortune with her; it was the only thing that would save him from ruin."

Aphra covered her face in her hands for a few minutes. She was under the same roof as his wife—the soul of this mansion. She—homeless, deserted, abandoned: she, too ignorant to judge of his actions by the accepted standard of right and wrong, could only suffer and follow blindly the beckonings of her wild resolve. For, the cut and dried theories that govern the wealthy, and the base motives inspiring the action of men of the world, could have no meaning for a creature reared in the woods and forests, whose impulses were of nature, not of the world.

Her heart, desolate and passion-touched, vibrated but to one chord; her very ignorance was her strength, for crime assumes another form to the ignorant, and what people in a high state of civilisation consider evil, is often viewed as justice by the savage instinct. Wrongs which make men and women cynical, destroy their faith in human nature and warp their peace, assume another aspect to the gipsy's mind. She must be avenged—some blow too fatal to be punished must be struck—and at once.

Desolation! Banishment! These had ever been her portion; but the unutterable agony of faithless love—faithlessness steepened in infamy, because a man must follow the fanaticism of fashion—the selfishness of luxury had brought a torture keener than any other pang. As she thought she wept a little, her heart throbbing with expectation. If the opportunity she sought should never come?

"You are sad because you are lonely, is that so?" the servants asked, gathering round her in a little group, while Aphra instantly sought to regain calmness. She lifted her head and looked hard at each with that silent woe we may see in the expression of some wild animal bereft of her young.

"I live to be revenged," she said, in her bitter, quiet way. This strange, torturing love for one above her, how it pierced and wounded!

"Has some one you loved deserted you?" they said.

"Yes, long since. It is ever darkness with me now, and the only time when the light seems to visit me is when I think of the— Oh! Heaven! of what am I dreaming?"

She rose to her feet, and half opening the kitchen door looked out. What was the world to her beyond this castle? What were human voices when one must be for ever silent? Once she had thought of marriage with Lion Darratt as the best thing life held for her; the old wild

life untrammelled and unfettered had charms for her imagination, but all that was over now. The old familiar ways and habits had ended.

She sat with her hands closely locked together, gazing in mute abstraction at the fire, while the servants returned to their work, wondering among themselves what was amiss with Aphra. They saw the little bundle in her arms which she partly concealed under her cloak, and they saw her touch it once lightly, and turn more towards the fire as if trying to conceal some emotion in her face she was ashamed of. Occasional jokes passed between them, but Aphra heeded them not; she cared no more for what they thought or said of her than might come to her after her vengeance was carried out.

No; Aphra was still thinking of the dead child in her arms, and of the living one in the nursery upstairs, and how was she to exchange them? She had not thought of all the difficulties that lay before her; and now must she renounce her purpose? What could guide her steps to the nursery where the infants lay? How could she steal one with Argus eyes watching? She would not hurt the little living babe if fate would but yield it to her keeping. She would bring it up as well as she was able, but it must never know it was Sir Phoenix's son, heir to the Allerton estates.

No, it should be reared as a gipsy in her own wild way. He would be something for her to love, to cherish, to protect. But she understood the extreme improbability of her ever succeeding in her design. The rain still fell heavily; the servants, leaving Aphra alone, returned to their several duties. She half knelt by the hearth wrapt in deep thought.

(To be Continued.)

#### DO YOU ASK ME WHY I LOVE YOU?

Do you ask me why I love you?  
Would you really like to know?  
Ah! you'd read that secret plainly  
If I had not told you so;  
But if you insist upon it  
That a reason I must give,  
Why, just listen while I tell you  
Why I choose for you to live.

It is not alone the brightness  
Of those eyes so wondrous sweet,  
In the happy rosy blushes  
That I see when e'er we meet;  
Nor thy rose-bud mouth so tempting;  
Nor thy winning modest grace;  
Nor the matchless shades of feeling  
That are mirrored on thy face.

Do you ask me why I love you?  
Why I really do not know!  
I thought first to give a reason  
When you asked me, sweet and low;  
I confess, though, I am puzzled,  
And my charmer you must know,  
That I could not give a reason  
Just because I loved you so!

J. E. B.

#### THE REGALIA OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

A RATHER startling archaeological discovery is reported from Galicia. About three weeks ago a peasant woman, while working in the fields in the neighbourhood of Michalkov, on the Dniester, dug up several golden objects, including goblets, a staff, brooches with dragons' heads, and a crown. The well-known historical investigator, Dr. Praglovski and other archaeologists of Lemberg have come to the conclusion that these ornaments belong to the regalia of the elder Cyrus, who fell in a campaign against the Massagete, about 529 B.C. In his report upon these objects, Dr. Praglovski declares that anyone who examines the details and style of the ornaments, and then compares the place

where they were found with the reports in Greek historians concerning Cyrus's expedition against the Scythians, will at once agree with his conclusion. The intrinsic value of the objects is set down at 160,000 florins at least, or about £10,000.

#### THE COAL TRADE.

THE aspect of affairs in the North Staffordshire coal trade looks threatening. There have been meetings of miners at which it has been resolved to resist any reduction. The cause of the meetings was that several notices have been served to pay by a new weighing system, which would result in a general reduction. A strong feeling prevails that, owing to the increased activity in trade, wages should be increased. Several colliers stated at the meetings that their families were starving at the present rate, which is very low.

#### THE HEAT—HOW TO WITHSTAND ITS EFFECTS.

Two things are essential to enable a person exposed to intense heat to endure its effects; one is eat a plenty, and the other is plenty of sleep.

The sleep might properly be put first; because after a full night's sleep a good appetite follows, almost as a matter of course.

For a good night's sleep you should avoid all literary labour or close thought immediately before retiring. The late W. Bryant found out the necessity of this by his own experience, and that it was better not to attend even to his personal correspondence in the evening.

A room with an abundance of air—one with windows on two sides, if possible—is another desideratum. Then a sponge bath, with a few drops of ammonia in the water, will be found wonderfully beneficial.

Eat as much as you can; but invariably eat something, if it is only an egg, before beginning work in the morning.

Wear light, loose clothing. Persons who are sunstruck, or fatally or seriously injured by the heat, in any way, are usually those whose systems are greatly reduced.

Eat well and sleep well, and you will find the heat rather agreeable than otherwise.

#### PARALYSIS CAUSED BY COSMETICS.

ONE cause of acquired deformity, says Dr. Carbally, is the slow poisoning of the system by certain metallic poisons. Chief among these are the salts of lead, and one of the most characteristic deformities, produced in consequence of poisoning by these salts, is what is commonly known as "wrist-drop," caused by the use of villanous cosmetics. The use of cosmetics has within a few years become so very common, even among the better class of society, I have deemed it my duty to place these facts before the profession, that, knowing their injurious effects, they may guard their patients against thus voluntarily poisoning themselves through ignorance.

This deformity, incompletely developed, can be seen every day upon the streets of the cities, for there is many a fashionable lady who suffers from it in consequence of her own folly. Her hands are held in a peculiar, yet fashionable position, a sort of kangaroo style, and many of them fancy that they are imitating the fashion admirably, while they are simply obliged to carry their hands in this position because the extensor muscles are not strong enough to hold them up. The polish they put on their faces has manifested itself in producing partial paralysis of the extensor muscles of the forearm, and the fashion has been introduced to accommodate the deformity.





[THE CUT DIRECT.]

## ALICE DESMOND'S TROTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"That Young Person," "Why She Forsook  
Him," &c., &c.*

### CHAPTER XII.

"WE MET, 'T WAS IN A CROWD."

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.

ALICE had fainted—fainted so completely that several minutes elapsed before she recovered sufficiently to be borne to the carriage. Lady Bolton, thoroughly alarmed, gave the order to drive home at once, but before they reached it poor Alice was again unconscious.

Fancy and Meg were full of sorrow and concern; their mother's thoughts were divided in anxiety about Alice and concern for Lady C's ball, which must now she feared be relinquished.

"Have you ever seen Lady Alice like this before?" asked Lady Bolton, of Martha, when the heiress had been lain on the sofa in her own sitting-room, and they were eagerly awaiting the doctor. And the faithful servant could only reply that in all her life the young mistress had never looked as she looked then.

The doctor came: a fashionable physician well versed in ailments of the nerves, little skilled in troubles of the mind. He prescribed rest and quiet, spoke against fatigue and excitement, declared her ladyship would be as well as ever in a day or two, and then pocketing his fee departed perfectly satisfied as to his patient, and having really much allayed the anxiety of her friends.

"And as Alice is so much better and really wishes to be left alone, I really think we might still go to the ball," proposed Lady Bolton.

"Do go," urged the heiress, "I shall feel so selfish if you stay away."

And they went. It was a relief to Alice; dear as both the girls had grown to her their presence would have been torture to her in her agony of doubt. She did not sleep, she could not, she lay tossing on the sofa in a restless agony. In vain Martha implored of her to go to bed; she positively refused. At ten o'clock Lady Bolton and her daughters started for the ball, and as the sound of their carriage wheels died away Alice started up.

"Martha, I cannot lay here, I am not ill; I shall get up and go downstairs!"

"Indeed, Lady Alice, you are only fit to go to bed; sleep is the best thing for you."

"I can't sleep, Martha."

"You'll make yourself really ill if you go on like that, Lady Alice; you will indeed. Let me fetch you a book?"

But Alice declined. At last she yielded to Martha's entreaties, and suffered herself to be undressed. All night long she never closed her eyes; her mind was one agony of doubt, but when in the morning she at last sank into a heavy slumber her decision was taken: sooner or later she must meet William Gordon, this circumscribed world of London life was too narrow for her always to escape him. She would brave it out; surely he would never connect the brilliant heiress with the girl who had confessed her poverty to him. She would never see him alone, she hoped.

She trusted he would not feel certain of her identity; if he did and claimed her promise she would tell him she would never be his wife. One thing she had firmly resolved—to bear all, to suffer all, before appealing to Lord Bolton. She felt the disgrace would kill her if these kind friends knew how she had passed the afternoon of her mother's death. Edwin himself would despise her then, and Alice had come to prize Edwin's esteem very jealously.

So when Tuesday came and she was pronounced well enough to appear in the drawing-room she yielded, only urging that she did not feel strong enough for the dinner party, she would be present at the "at home" afterwards.

"You are very cruel, Alice," said Meg, archly; "if you only knew the despair you are condemning your admirers to during dinner."

"You must console them, Meg."

"I shall by fetching you the very moment we have retired to the drawing-room, that your face may be the first object which greets their eyes when they desert papa and the wine. I shall circulate the good tidings to cheer their fainting hearts."

But promises cannot always be kept. From some cause or another Meg was detained in the drawing-room until several of the evening guests had arrived; the "at home" was fairly crowded. When she entered Alice's pretty sitting-room she advanced to her friend's side gaily, and then stood motionless with surprise.

All the Boltons acknowledged Alice Morton's beauty; Meg especially was her devoted admirer, yet it seemed to the astonished girl she had never so realised her friend's loveliness before. Lady Alice in general was utterly indifferent as to what she wore, her dress was appropriate and in good taste, but received from herself little care or attention; to-night she had taken a wondrous interest in her appearance; all Nancy's skill had been called into play.

The astute waiting maid marvelled at the change in her lady. She little guessed that Alice Morton's one aim was to look as little like herself of a year ago, to raise all possible difficulties to William Gordon's recognising in her his plighted wife.

Pale and delicate from her recent illness the old glorious warmth of colouring was all gone from her face; her large, soft eyes had a grave, half-sorrowful expression, her lovely hair, instead of being coiled round her head, fell in long curls; her dress was of rich white silk, and she wore

strings of rare large pearls on her neck and arms.

A beautiful, radiant vision she appeared. What had she in common with the pretty wayward girl of mean attire and simple, unformed manners whom William Gordon had pressed to his heart one little year ago.

"Alice" began Meg, presently, "what have you done to yourself?"

"What have you done with yourself," retorted Lady Alice. "I have been waiting for you this half hour."

"You look quite different," said Meg, frankly. "Alice, I don't think I ever knew how beautiful you were before, yet I don't like it."

"Why not?"

"You look too much 'the heiress.'"

And that was precisely the result Lady Alice Morton desired.

The rooms were full when the two girls went downstairs; many of the guests pressed forward to inquire for the young heiress; people said afterwards they had never known her so bright and fascinating as on that night. It was her first coming into society since the afternoon at the Academy. One only was not deceived. Edwin Bolton, who had not seen her since her illness, felt more pain than pleasure at her appearance.

"You ought not to be here," he said to her when he could speak without being observed.

"And why?" lightly, flippantly, as she had never spoken to him before.

"You are not fit for it."

"We don't always do what we are fitted for. It is not society's code."

She laughed as she spoke, but nervously. Constrained, Edwin felt uneasy.

"I wish I knew what was the matter with you."

"That is not your mission in life. Indolent people like you should not take the trouble to wish at all, especially about such silly things."

"Nothing that concerns you can be silly. I wish my mother——"

"Don't wish any more," said Alice, lightly; "go and talk to Miss Temple. That is your most immediate duty."

He went, not a little annoyed at her manner. Edmund Grey almost immediately came up to her.

"Lady Alice Morton, will you allow me to present my friend Mr. Gordon to you?"

Everything in the room seemed to swim round. Alice felt herself tremble as she bowed her head in token of assent. Mr. Grey performed the introduction, and then the successful artist dropped into a chair beside the young heiress.

What did he know, what did he suspect, Alice Morton would have given worlds to discover. That he detected a resemblance in her to the other Alice she saw at once; she almost fancied he started at sight of her. She herself dared not raise her eyes to his face, although she felt very conscious his own were steadily regarding her.

"This is a pleasure I have long desired," began Mr. Gordon, in the voice she so well remembered. Only now, instead of passionate intensity, it had merely a tone of conventional politeness.

"Lady Alice, on all sides I have been hearing of your resemblance to a face it was my privilege to paint. I seemed destined never to judge of this resemblance for myself; at last the fates favour me and I confess I am bewildered."

He expected an answer; speak she must; it was her voice, she thought, would betray her. She need not have feared; her cold accents, half assumed purposely, half born of the inward dread which seemed turning her to stone, had but little resemblance to the impetuous tones he so well remembered.

"Indeed," she said at last; "people flatter me. I have seen your picture, Mr. Gordon, and it seems to me one of the fairest faces I ever saw."

"I think so too; until to-night I had not believed earth held another such."

"Then 'Expectation' is from life?"

"Yes;" not a word more; but again she felt him watching her.

"You have lately come from Italy, the land of beauty. I have never been abroad. I envy you."

"I do not think Lady Alice Morton needs to envy a struggling painter."

"I think an artist's the happiest fate in the world," said Alice, earnestly. "He has always something to cherish which none can take away. If other hopes fail he cannot be unhappy while he has his art to live and work for."

It was a dangerous speech; but the girl felt secure now. She fancied the danger over. She knew this man had once held her very dear, and she longed to be assured the loss of her had not wrecked his life. Her speech to Gordon seemed like an assertion. In truth it was a question.

"I do not agree with you," said the artist, decidedly; "a man cannot live for his art alone."

Unutterably relieved was Lady Alice when Lady Bolton drew near. She had received Mr. Gordon very graciously. She always courted celebrities in any shape.

"Mr. Gordon," she said, courteously, "do you know I have been breaking the tenth commandment, and you are undoubtedly the cause of my delinquency?"

"I can hardly imagine myself to be so powerful with your ladyship. May I ask what it is you covet?"

"Only your lovely picture, of course; you admit the resemblance to Lady Alice? We wished to purchase the copy that we may not be quite desolate when the original leaves us," and she gave a meaning smile at her ward; "but I hear 'Expectation' is sold."

"Not precisely, Lady Bolton. The picture is so intimately associated with my own history that I am going to preserve it for myself."

"Unheard-of selfishness! An artist keeping his own pictures."

"I do not often take portraits," said Gordon, quietly; "but if Lady Alice Morton would sit to me I think, Lady Bolton, I could satisfy you."

"No," said Alice, very decidedly, "everyone would say it was a copy of 'Expectation,'" and then utterly forgetting her politeness, the heiress rose and swept across the room to a distant sofa.

Lady Bolton sat horror-struck. The action was so utterly unlike her young charge.

"I fear I have offended," said Gordon, blandly.

"Pray excuse Lady Alice," urged his hostess; "she is very far from well, perhaps the circumstance of her illness having commenced at the Academy may render the subject of pictures distasteful to her."

"There was no accident, I hope."

"Not in the least. She was only overtired. We all stood some time admiring your picture, and afterwards she was seized with a sudden faintness."

Gordon rose to take his leave.

"We shall see you again, I hope."

Lady Bolton was annoyed with Lady Alice. Naturally kind-hearted she could not bear a slight to anyone under her roof, and she certainly felt Alice Morton had no right to offer them. Mr. Grey met the artist on the staircase and they left together.

"Charming family," observed Gordon, who was perfectly aware of his friend's hopes. "I am sure I owe you a hundred thanks for the introduction."

"Not at all. Well, what did you think of the heiress?"

"More beautiful and less condescending than heiresses generally are. I suppose her home is with the Boltons? They seem very fond of her."

"Very; but she has not been there a year yet. It seems strange how perfectly she has become one of the family."

"They knew her before, I suppose? Lord Ashley has been dead some years, so Lord Bolton's guardianship is not a thing of yesterday."

"He has guarded the property long enough, but he never had the charge of the heiress till last year; it is a most romantic history, but I won't bore you with it."

"I delight in romantic histories. That girl ought to have a story with her face."

"You see her now with half London at her feet. Well, one year ago she was so poor that I believe she was actually trying to earn her own living."

"Impossible! Lord Ashley's daughter!"

"Quite possible. She didn't know she was his daughter then. The earl and countess were separated, and Lady Alice lived with her mother in some miserable little village. They were desperately poor, people say. She takes her honours very naturally. Such a change of fortune would have spoiled many girls."

Gordon had drunk in every word greedily.

"What a strange history. And when did you say she came into her rights?"

"Last summer. August, I fancy."

"Ah!" thought the artist, when he had parted from his friend, "you've done me a wonderful service if you only knew it. Alice, you swore to be mine. No rank or fortune shall divide us. I claim your promise. You shall be mine! I swear it!"

And there alone beneath the starlit sky he swore it with a dreadful oath; the pale, silver moon, the silent stars his only witnesses. He was a desperate man. Alas for the girl who was at least partially in his power.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A LOVE LETTER.

Whom hast thou then, or what to accuse  
But Heaven's true love dealt equally to all?  
MILTON.

Almost happy was Alice Morton on the morning following Gordon's appearance at Lord Bolton's. The meeting she had so long feared was over, and he had not recognised her.

"You are quite yourself again," said Fanny kindly. "You are blooming this morning."

"You are not blooming, Fanny," returned Alice, noticing her friend's pale face and heavy eyes. "What is the matter?"

Lady Bolton's eldest daughter sighed before she answered.

"Nothing you can help, Alice."

"At least I could be sorry for you, Fanny dear. Fanny, do tell me what is troubling you?"

They were alone in Alice's own sitting-room. Fanny's soft eyes filled with tears.

"Everything is right here," said Alice, wonderingly. "Meg is merry as ever. What can there be to make you cry?"

"I am crying for myself," whispered Fanny; "myself and him."

"Mr. Grey?" breathed Alice, quickly.

"Oh, surely he is not ill; he was here last night."

"But he is never to come again, mamma has just told me so. And, oh, Alice, she is so angry."

"I think I know," guessed Alice. "Mr. Grey cares for you more than Lady Bolton likes."

"That is just it, Alice." He never said anything to me, only I could not help knowing, and now mamma has found it out, and he is never to come here any more."

"But if you care for him, Fanny, you can't leave off caring because Lady Bolton orders you to."

"Hush!" said Fanny, quickly; "mamma thinks I shall forget him. Poor mamma, she is so ambitious for her children."

"She will think as you do some day. It will all come right."

"He may be offended," said Fanny, anxiously.

"He may forget me; it is not as though we were engaged, you know. I have no claim on him."

"But you will be true to him?"

"While I live I shall be true to my own heart."

"Fanny," said Alice, anxiously, "do you think everyone is as constant as you? Supposing two people were engaged and one got



frightened, would you think her false to break her word?"

"I cannot imagine such a thing, Alice. If she loved him once she would love him always, unless he proved unworthy, or someone else came and stole her affections away."

"It is not that at all, Fancy. You don't understand."

Fancy Bolton looked bewildered at her impatience.

"I thought you were putting an imaginary case before me, Alice. Surely no friend of yours—"

"I have no friends but you and Meg."

They were all going to a ball that night. Alice went up to dress earlier than usual. The maid Nancy was in attendance. Alice sat down, half languidly, before the glass, and Nancy began dressing her long, soft hair. The maid's fingers moved deftly to and fro for some time; at last, in reaching some flowers from the table, she contrived to displace a small vase, and thus disclosed to view a letter addressed to the Lady Alice Desmond Morton.

"Who brought this letter, Nancy?" asked Alice, quickly taking it up.

"I did not see any letter, my lady."

"But it was here on the table behind that vase."

Nancy was not at a loss.

"It must have been placed there in my absence, my lady." And Alice could find no reasonable objection to the answer. The letter was addressed in a strange hand. She broke the seal and prepared to read the enclosure, Nancy closely watching her.

"Which dress, my lady?" but she received no answer.

All Alice's attention was given to her letter. She waited a few minutes.

"I beg your pardon, my lady, but it is getting late. Which dress will your ladyship wear to-night?"

"The white silk."

Nancy knew perfectly well some great surprise had come to her mistress. Lady Alice finished her toilet in silence and abstraction, and dismissed the maid almost as though her absence were a relief. When the ladies had started for the ball Nancy came back to the dressing-room, but though she searched high and low, and respected neither books nor drawers, she found no trace of the missing letter. Alice had burnt it before she left the room, determined that no eyes but her own should rest on the words which had pierced her very heart.

"MY OWN DARLING.—It was hard to see you last night so near and yet so far, to speak to you as a stranger. When I lost you I felt life itself a burden. Now that I have found you no guardians shall keep you from me. I shall boldly claim my wife. Why did you not write to me? Why did you leave me to discover by chance that the girl I loved so madly was the Lady Alice Morton? I do not fear riches will change you, Alice; you come of a truthful race, and you have promised to be mine. You have called me by my name, sweet. My kisses have been on your lips. You are bound to me and I to you. No one on earth shall part us. Shall I go to Lord Bolton and tell him all, or will you see me first, see me alone as in the old sweet days? That meeting will see our true reunion, not the formal drawing-room last night. Write to me in all confidence, Alice. If I do not hear I shall come to my darling."

"Yours until death,

"WILLIAM GORDON."

Never had truth and falsehood been more cleverly blended in a letter. William Gordon did love Alice with all his heart; with a passionate, selfish affection; he did mean nothing on earth should part them, but the rest was false; nothing was farther from his thoughts than going to Lord Bolton, and he was perfectly aware Alice had wished that he should not find her; those allusions to her family truth, those expressions of confidence, were what he wished, not what he felt. He had loved her as a humble, friendless girl; it

was not in his nature to love her less now she was an heiress.

A year before, when he had been by far the richest of the two, he had been willing to share all with her; now their positions were reversed, ought she to forsake him. She had promised of her own free will. He held her to her promise; he relied most on her simplicity. A few such clandestine meetings as they had had a year ago would, if they came to Lord Bolton's ears, seriously compromise his ward, and that nobleman might be induced to wish for the very union to which he would be now most strenuously opposed. He waited very confidently for Alice's reply.

And Alice? She went to the ball, she danced, she laughed, she talked; none there had ever seen her more brilliant and fascinating, yet all the while her heart was heavy, the trouble she had so long feared was come upon her, and she knew not how to fight against it.

But she was not the child of a year ago, but a woman grown. She hid her sorrow bravely; she accepted the attentions showered on her as the queen of that fair scene. Royalty itself was present. Royalty itself danced with Alice, and all the time she saw nothing of the brilliant crowd around her; before her eyes there rose but one scene—that July afternoon in the wood when she had made the mistake which now threatened to wreck her life.

She never thought of marrying William Gordon; if the story of her engagement got abroad; if all the world upheld him, and ruled that she must be his wife, she would not have consented. It was exposure she feared; if those around her knew how weak she had been, she felt she could never hold up her head again, the tale against her would be so black; to have forsaken her dying mother to meet a stranger clandestinely, and then to throw him off like a discarded glove when prosperity came to her.

She had a dim idea if the worst came, and Gordon insisted on speaking to Lord Bolton, that she would runaway and hide herself where none of those who loved her would ever find her. "It would soon kill me," mused the girl, sorrowfully. "And I would die rather than be his wife."

Mr. Grey was at the ball; to him, like Fancy, this had been a trying day. Lord Bolton had called on him in the morning, and frankly told him that whilst his elder daughter was still unengaged, he must relinquish the pleasure of his visits. It could hardly have been a surprise to Edmund, he must have guessed Lord and Lady Bolton would not welcome him as a son-in-law. Very simply he told the peer in his manly way he believed the prohibition came too late; Fancy must know from his manner, if not from his words, all she was to him.

Lord Bolton was touched. He remembered his own youth, and Edwin's mother, but he had promised his wife to be firm.

"To you, personally, Edmund, you know we have no objection; and Fancy safely married, you will be welcome as ever with us."

"I should not care to come then, Lord Bolton. I am quite aware of my narrow means, but they may improve. My cousin is trying to get me appointed attaché to an embassy."

"Lord Montowers is very good," said Lord Bolton, coldly (the nobleman in question was young and unmarried, and it was Lady Bolton's darling hope that he would make her daughter a viscountess). Then the two men parted; it was tacitly understood that Mr. Grey was to come no more to the Boltons' house, and extract no promises from Fancy when he met her.

So to-night, his disappointment in all its first freshness, he watched his darling from a distance and never sought her notice. He danced twice with Lady Alice Morton. If she was not the rose at least she had been near her. Alice saw his trouble in his face, and in spite of her own perplexities strove to say something encouraging.

"I know all about it," she said, confidentially. "Fancy is true as steel; you have only to wait and hope."

He shook his head.

"When I think of the little I have to offer her, and the honours she might aspire to, I feel I have done her an injury by loving her," and his eyes watched Miss Bolton as she passed in the mazes of the dance, her partner an elderly marquis.

"She will never marry the marquis," pursued Alice, bent on being cheerful, "he is much too old."

"He is very rich."

"Mr. Grey, if you are bent on believing Fancy mercenary, I have nothing more to say. She must dance and talk with other people if she cannot with you. Surely you would not have her sitting in a corner shunned and unnoticed, bearing a label, 'affections already engaged, try elsewhere.'"

He smiled in spite of himself.

"You are hard upon my folly, Lady Alice."

"I am not hard at all; you are simply making yourself miserable without half as much cause as dozens of people even here."

"Nobody looks very troubled here."

"People cannot wear their hearts on their sleeve."

She spoke very sadly. Edmund noticed it.

"Surely you are not in any trouble, Lady Alice?"

"And if I were?"

"If you trusted me I would help you as one man could, only that there are too many who would grudge me the right."

"I like you very much," said Alice, simply, as she might have spoken in the old days at Ashton. "You and I both love Fancy, and we will be friends for her sake."

"And for your own," he answered, warmly.

"You guessed our secret very soon after your coming among us, and you have kept it well."

"Yes, I can keep a secret."

"You will never need to keep one of your own, I fancy. Lady Alice, we have made a compact of friendship, may I congratulate you?"

"On what?"

"Surely you can guess."

"I am not good at riddles."

"People say Lord Bolton will not much longer retain his ward, and that the Duke of Burnham is a very happy man."

Alice liked the duke very much, he was a fine outspoken Englishman. She had been on such pleasant easy terms with him that she understood quickly how the rumour had arisen. Her cheek paled as the thought came of Gordon's fury should it reach his ears.

"Mr. Grey, you are mistaken—indeed, indeed you are. Please make people believe they are wrong."

"I will do my best, and I beg your pardon for my thoughtless words; but I knew Lady Bolton looked on it as a settled thing, and I thought I might venture on a friend's privilege."

"Poor Lady Bolton," said Alice, with a thoughtful smile. "Fancy and I are great disappointments to her. I hope Meg may do something magnificent to reconcile her to our failures."

"I never knew a mother more anxious for her children, and for her step-son also."

"I wish Captain Bolton was ambitious himself."

"Why?"

"Because he is too noble a character to sink into indolent inaction as he seems doing."

"Wait until you see him roused. Edwin can be decisive enough then."

But her interest in the subject seemed to have faded, and she introduced another. Half an hour later she was driving homewards.

"What a stupid ball," said Fancy, wearily.

"It was splendid," retorted Meg.

"And what says Alice?" asked their mother.

"That I am glad it is over, for I am very tired."

Yet when she had dismissed her maid she made no effort to go to bed; instead she sat at her writing table, her weary head leaning on one arm; her aching brain trying to compose the letter that must be written that night, William Gordon's answer.

(To be Continued.)

## MORTALITY IN EUROPEAN ARMIES.

A STATISTICIAN has been calculating the relative rate of mortality in the different European armies. The result of his researches is that the Prussian and Saxon armies are lowest in the scale; the next lowest are those of England and France; while service in the forces of Austria and Russia is the most dangerous. The exact figures are: Prussia, 7.2 per 1,000; England, 8.4; France, 8.7; Belgium, 10.7; Italy, 11.6; Portugal, 12.7; Russia, 14.7; Austria, 15.3. These figures, however, must be taken with a certain allowance; at any rate, the reasons assigned for the differences in mortality are not very clear. It is difficult, for instance, to see that the climates of Prussia and Austria are so diverse as to place the former on the lowest and the latter on the highest scale; and a similar remark would apply to Italy and Portugal.

## THE SURVIVORS;

OR,

## John Grindem's Nephew.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE boat thus nearing Cocos Island was the boat containing our heroine and her unscrupulous admirer.

It was still favoured with the same fine breeze with which it had pushed off from the wreck of the "Messenger." In view of his near approach to his destination, John Grindem, junior, was more smiling and jubilant and contented than ever.

"Yes, that is Cocos," he cried. "I know it by the descriptions which have been given me of it. The adjacent waters are well stocked with fish. The cocoa-nut trees will furnish us a change of food. There are plenty of streams and torrents. In a word, Miss Prescott, our long miseries are at an end. We can go to house-keeping here," and he grinned audibly, "as happy as princes!"

Helen sighed profoundly.

"It will be a change," she murmured. "But Heaven only knows whether it will be a change for the better!"

The boat soon reached the shore of the island, at the western side of Chatham Bay. Grindem was kept in a lively state of anxiety for several minutes by the rocky heads which foul that side of the harbour, and especially by the numerous sharks whose fins were constantly showing above the surface of the water.

"If the boat should upset here," he could not help saying at one point of his apprehensions, it would be all up with us!"

Helen did not make any response to the terrible suggestion. Her whole soul was absorbed by the gloomy problems of which she was the centre.

"Are there any inhabitants on the island?" she asked, after landing and looking around.

"Hardly, although there has been at times a fugitive or two, or a shipwrecked sailor," replied Grindem.

"The place looks pleasant enough," said Helen, pursuing her observations. "The air is mild, the shores clean, the flowers numerous. There is plenty of wood and water, and not a few fruits and vegetables which may be turned to account. May I make a suggestion, Mr. Grindem?"

"Certainly. I shall be glad to be honoured with any idea with which you may be inspired by our safe arrival, or our new surroundings."

"It merely occurs to me, Mr. Grindem," said Helen, "that it would be well for you to leave me here, and go on to the mainland in the boat!"

"What! leave you here alone, on an uninhabited island?" The brave girl nodded.

"To fall into the hands of some prowling pirate, or of some murderous cut-throat from some whaler or other passing cruiser? Impossible!"

"But I would not be afraid, sir, or lonely," assured Helen. "Besides, you can leave me a musket and pistol, and I will undertake to defend myself against all comers!"

"Impossible!" repeated Grindem, more earnestly than before. "You see for yourself that there is no cave—no sort of a hut for you to live in—no trace whatever of past or present occupancy. There may not have been a solitary human being upon this spot during the last twenty years. You cannot sleep on the ground, or under the trees. To-day is a bright and dry day, to be sure, but we are in a latitude of heavy rains and fierce tempests, and by to-morrow the whole scene around us may be as dismal as a coffin. It is out of the question that I should think of any such trip at present, whatever I may decide to do later. The first thing in order is for us to build some sort of shelter against the rains which are sure to fall before the week is ended."

"Suppose I insist upon your leaving me here?"

"I should be very sorry to refuse your demands, but a sense of duty would force me to do so," declared Grindem. "All I can say is, that the idea shall have my best attention. The present fine weather must certainly be employed in making some provision for the storms that are sure to follow."

Helen said that his mind was fully made up not to leave her.

"You will, of course, reflect what would be your fate," added Grindem, "if I should enter upon the risky voyage proposed, and be overtaken by a storm and sent to the bottom. No one would ever learn your whereabouts, and you would die here in the greatest distress and solitude it is possible to imagine!"

This was a thought that had already obtruded itself upon the mind of our heroine, and she concluded to drop the whole subject until the measures designed for her comfort had been duly accomplished.

"Perhaps we can find a cave, or, at least, an overhanging rock, as a foundation for our dwelling?" she suggested, walking along the beach.

"We will at least search for such a spot," returned Grindem. "The quest will make us better acquainted with the island."

An hour was spent in explorations of the vicinity, and then the couple selected the site that seemed to respond the best to their wishes. It was a sheltered dell in the midst of a rocky slope some fifty feet above the level of the sea, with a stream of pure water descending near it, and with plenty of bushes and branches to screen it from the wind.

"This shall be the site of our new home, with your permission, Miss Prescott," said Grindem. "If you will rest here I will bring up the axe and what else I can, and set about building the dwelling."

"Do not suppose, Mr. Grindem, that I shall allow you to do all the work," observed Helen. "I must busy myself as constantly as possible, to deaden the sad thoughts which are still crowding upon me. I intend to work with you. I am not in the least tired."

"Well, if you really insist upon helping me, I can only say that two pairs of hands are better than one," answered Grindem. "If you help me, we shall be installed in our new quarters a great deal sooner than we would otherwise. Let's to work!"

All the objects which had been brought in the boat were soon transferred to the chosen site of the proposed residence, and the boat itself was hidden in a dense thicket, to await future events. The remaining hours of the day were consumed in getting up the frame of a small and rude dwelling, and in roofing and siding such a portion of it as to afford our heroine a reasonable degree of shelter.

"It is a great improvement upon our late

cramped quarters in the boat," said Grindem, after he had exhausted his admiration of the new premises. "A couple of days more will see us as comfortably housed as a snail in his shell."

"I think we can venture to light a fire behind the hut, now that night has set in," suggested Helen.

"Certainly, such was my intention," returned Grindem. "Even if our fire should be seen seaward, we have as much to hope as to fear from it. I mean that anyone discovering our presence here is quite as likely to be friendly as hostile. We'll accordingly take our chances, leaving the result to fate."

A large fire was soon kindled, there being plenty of dry branches and logs at the disposal of the new comers. The advent of night had given such a chill to the air as to render the heat of the fire desirable, and its smoke lessened to a great extent the annoyance caused the couple all the afternoon by numerous mosquitoes.

"Why do ships never come here, Mr. Grindem?" asked Helen, as she sat looking into the blaze.

"Because there can be no motive for their coming, or profit for their visit," was the reply.

"If a ship's crew were at the last gasp for want of some fresh water, they would of course come here to fill their casks, as numerous clear streams are abundant. They might also land for a few days, if down with the fever or scurvy. But perhaps one of the greatest reasons for the isolation of this island is that it produces nothing, and that it lies off all the great routes of commerce and navigation."

"It seems, then, that our stay here is likely to be a long one, if we depend upon others for our rescue?"

"Very long indeed. I doubt if we shall ever have the pleasure of seeing a single human being!"

"In that case, it is merely a question of time when we shall become so gloomy and despairing as to make an effort to reach the mainland," said Helen, thoughtfully. "There are some situations that appear to me worse than death, and a long residence here would certainly be one of them."

"And yet it seems to me that I could always be happy here with you, if you would learn to love me," said Grindem, in his most insinuating tone. "This is all I will say now, but these few words will doubtless suffice to tell you that I do not look forward to our residence here without a certain degree of hope and happiness."

The couple talked late, as was natural, and when at last Helen withdrew into the shelter which had been provided for her, it was not to sleep, but only to think of that great world from which she seemed for ever banished.

It might have been an hour later, when a great crash was suddenly heard in the bushes near the half-built hut, as of a stone having been dislodged and plunging down the slope into the valley below.

Helen started up, scared and trembling.

"I am sure some wild beast is prowling about near us," she thought, "or that some intruder is about to make an attack upon us! Mr. Grindem!"

She repeated the call for her companion two or three times, and was very much surprised at not receiving an answer.

She knew that Grindem had wrapped himself up in an overcoat, and stowed himself away to rest at no great distance from her, and she at once became deeply puzzled.

If he still remained where she last beheld him he was near enough to hear the least word she might utter.

On the other hand, if he were moving about in the vicinity, or if the stone had been dislodged by him, he was still near enough to hear her cries.

A prey to the ill-defined terrors crowding upon her, wondering, anxious, Helen called the name of Grindem repeatedly and loudly, until it echoed far away among the woods and rocks



around her, but not the least response was made to her.

"What can be the meaning of this silence?" she asked herself, springing from her rude couch. "Can Mr. Grindem have deserted me, or even made a pretence of doing so, with a view to scare me and render me more dependent upon him?"

A moment only she hesitated as to her course, and then she ran to the embers of the fire which had been burning during the evening, and seized a flaming brand, with which she hastened to the spot where she had last seen Grindem.

Not a little to her surprise, he still lay where he had bestowed himself to his slumbers.

"Did you not hear anything, Mr. Grindem?" she demanded.

No answer was given her. Grindem was evidently asleep. His breathing was loud and regular.

More and more puzzled by this circumstance, Helen shook him smartly.

"Wake up, Mr. Grindem!" she shouted. "We are in danger!"

Her efforts made no impression. Grindem continued to lie calm and motionless. Save for his regular breathing, one would have said he was dead.

The terror of our heroine deepened, and she redoubled her efforts to arouse her companion, calling and shaking him. To her intense relief, he soon opened his eyes, staring at her in a fixed and strange manner.

"Some one is prowling about near us, Mr. Grindem," communicated Helen, hurriedly. "Did you not hear them?"

There was no response or movement on the part of Grindem. He lay as if dead.

"You have been seized with some sort of a fit, I suppose?" said Helen, more alarmed than ever. "Can you not move or speak? Do one or the other, if you can!"

The glaring eyes remained as fixed as ever; the rigid form as motionless.

"You can, at least, hear and comprehend what I am saying, I suppose?" cried the agonised girl, wringing her hands.

The words were unheeded. It seemed as if all the powers of Grindem's body and mind were enchained in deathly fetters. He could neither stir nor speak. The opening of his eyes had been the last supreme effort of his will.

"This is horrible!" groaned Helen. "What can I do?"

She chafed the features of Grindem, and was struck by their extraordinary coldness. She rubbed his arms and hands, and was surprised at their inertness. Her terror increased.

"It is too terrible!" she exclaimed, gaining her feet. "I cannot bear the sight! Evidently he is dead or dying! Oh, what can I do for him?"

A rustling in the bushes near her gave the finish to her terror. Her thoughts came back to the forlornness of her own situation, and to her former apprehension of wild men or wild beasts!

"Oh, I shall go mad!" she cried, endeavouring to peer into the surrounding thickets. "What is to become of me?"

And her fears now took such complete possession of her soul that she could not help calling for assistance, although convinced that only an enemy could be near her.

"Help! help!" she shouted.

And then, as if startled by the echoes of her own wild voice, she suddenly plunged into the path leading towards the shore of the bay where she had landed.

"Better to embark in the boat than to remain in this horrible place!" was the thought by which she was now driven.

## CHAPTER VII.

A voice suddenly called through the darkness to our heroine:

"One moment, miss!"

She halted in wonder, but with a feeling of relief.

The voice was one to inspire confidence. It was quiet and sympathetic.

The light of a torch suddenly flashed upon the scene, the speaker having advanced to the dying embers before-mentioned and ignited a resinous cone he had secured in the forest. By the light thus furnished Helen was enabled to note the appearance of the man who had thus revealed his presence.

"Surely, sir, you would not harm me?" she exclaimed, beginning to retrace her steps.

"Certainly not," was the response. "On the contrary, I should be very happy to render you any service in my power!"

This declaration added greatly to the favourable opinion Helen had already formed of the new-comer. She came quietly back to the fire, still bending inquiring glances upon him.

"Are you alone, sir?" she asked.

"No, miss; a friend is here with me. Here he comes!"

He waved his torch to and fro, causing it to flare up brightly, and so lighted the way of his companion, who was now indistinctly seen approaching in the edge of the adjacent bushes.

"Do you live here, sir?" pursued our heroine, inspired with new confidence by every glance she bestowed upon the fresh and manly face before her.

"Only temporarily, and until some chance is offered me of getting away," said the stranger, smilingly.

"I see!" breathed Helen. "You are a stranger like myself—brought here by an adverse and cruel fate. May I ask your name?"

"It is Albert Graham!"

The new-comer was indeed our hero.

"And my friend here is Captain Tobias," added Albert, as that worthy came swinging up beside him. "Let me add, in a single breath, that Captain Tobias and myself are entirely at your service, miss."

The joy this assurance gave our heroine can be imagined.

She saluted the old captain very cordially, at the same time expressing to the two men her thanks.

"Permit me to tell you who I am, gentlemen," she said, recovering her equanimity, "and how I happened to be in this unhappy situation. But first allow me to ask your attention to the gentleman who came here with me. He has a fit, I think. At any rate he seems incapable of speech or movement!"

She led the way to the spot where Grindem was lying. Not the least change had taken place in his appearance.

"Why, bless me!" exclaimed Captain Tobias, the instant his eyes rested upon the stark and motionless figure. "I see just what has happened! The man has been feasting heartily upon the cocoa-nuts he found on the island!"

Helen rapidly recalled in her mind the events of the afternoon.

"Sure enough," she said, "Mr. Grindem partook of the cocoa-nuts very heartily!"

"Mr. who?" asked Albert.

"Mr. Grindem!"

At the mention of this name the two men recoiled abruptly, exchanging glances of surprise akin to stupefaction.

"Ah! I was not mistaken, then?" cried Albert. "Grindem is really the name you were calling at the moment of our arrival?"

"Yes, Mr. Graham," answered Helen. "Grindem is the gentleman's name. He is a son of the well-known John Grindem, one of the leading merchants of London."

The two men looked as if petrified with amazement.

"What! you know him?" cried Helen.

"That is to say, we know something about him," said Albert, finding his voice. "Indeed

Perhaps he would have added that he himself was Grindem's cousin, but Captain Tobias pressed his arm significantly at this point of the conversation.

"The trouble with Mr. Grindem," declared the old captain, "is that he is benumbed. I was in the same fix myself not very long after

my arrival at Cocos. If you had read the accounts of Captain Colnett and other navigators who have been here, you would be aware that the cocoa-nuts growing here have the property, if eaten in liberal quantities, of causing this strange stupor!"

"Do you think Mr. Grindem is perfectly unconscious, Captain Tobias?"

"As senseless as a stone, miss! He is just like a dead man!"

"But is there nothing we can do for him? nothing to give him?"

"Nothing whatever," assured the old captain. "He will lie in this state twenty-five or thirty hours—say until this time to-morrow. But he is in no danger whatever. Mr. Graham and I will look after him, keeping him warm, and in the course of the morning I will give him a warm drink or two to hasten his recovery."

Helen drew a sigh of relief.

"I am glad to hear he is in no danger," she said. "You can imagine how I have been frightened. In the first place, I heard a stone crashing down the slope."

"That stone was started accidentally by me," explained Albert. "The truth is Captain Tobias and I saw you long before you reached the island, and we had kept a good eye upon your movements during a good share of the afternoon. Perhaps we should have revealed ourselves before now," he added, still smiling gravely, "but Captain Tobias and I were not able to make out to our satisfaction just what kind of a man Mr. Grindem is, and what are your relations to him. We saw at once, of course, that you were not husband and wife, and there were other points in the case which decided the good captain and me not to be too forward in betraying our presence."

Helen sighed again, looking more hopeful than at any time since the serious illness of her father.

She had seen enough of the world to know that there was nothing wrong about the two men before her, and she had in fact already hailed their presence as a marked interposition of Heaven in her favour.

"Are you two all alone here?" she asked.

"Yes, miss," answered Albert. And I arrived here only to-day—just a few hours ahead of you. Captain Tobias, however, has resided here, all alone by himself, more than twenty years, during which time he has not seen a single sail or a single human being!"

"The soul of our heroine thrilled with pain at the mere thought of such a horrible affliction.

"Why, his situation has been worse than that of Crusoe, or Selkirk!" she murmured. "I feel that a few weeks of such solitude would drive me distracted. Your sense of loneliness, Captain Tobias, must have been at times appalling! You cannot have entered willingly upon such an existence? You, too, are the victim of great misfortunes?"

"And especially of great wrongs," amended our hero. "In due course the captain and I will tell you all about it. The first step we have to propose to you is to go down to the captain's cabin, where we can place a hammock at your disposal. You will sleep all the better in the knowledge that faithful hearts are near you!"

"Oh, thank Heaven! what a change is already wrought in my situation!" cried Helen. "For many days past I have been ready to perish. But what shall we do with Mr. Grindem?"

"We'll leave him in the quarters you are about to vacate," said Albert, who had been examining the new edifice.

"He will be safe here?"

"Oh, perfectly!"

"There are no wild animals on the island, I suppose?"

"None whatever; nothing to molest him. You can leave him in our hands, with the assurance that we will take the best of care of him."

The transfer of Grindem to the rude couch vacated by Helen was instantly made by our hero, Captain Tobias holding the light, and then Albert offered his arm to Helen, which was

thankfully accepted, and led the way to the old captain's cabin.

As long as the walk proved, it seemed a brief one to the young couple, so great was the interest with which each soon inspired the other.

The night was softly lighted by the moon and stars, and the solitudes of the island were full of happy voices, and the great waters around seemed radiant with movement as they broke upon the lonely shores. It was an hour, too, that was strangely solemn and exciting, in many a sense, to the two young souls thus unexpectedly thrown together.

"How strange it seems to find in this far corner of the earth, a lady of such youth, refinement and beauty," exclaimed Albert, as they neared their destination, his admiration finding expression in his voice. "I have all the trouble in the world at times to realise that I am not dreaming!"

"I can easily return the sentiment in kind, Mr. Graham," said Helen, with a joyous tone and manner to which she had long been a stranger. "I can only wonder at your presence, and bless the Great Hand which has brought us together!"

"That reminds me, Miss Prescott—you have scarcely more than introduced yourself, while we were descending to the shore, and have not given the good captain and myself an account of those sad afflictions to which you have alluded. But here we are at the cabin. We will first make you at home, and then you shall tell us all about yourself and Mr. Grindem."

The white beach was now beneath the happy girl's feet, and before her rose the cabin which had so long been the abode of Capt. Tobias. In a very few moments Helen was introduced into a sort of "best room" it had been the captain's pleasure to consider his store-house, parlour, and sanctuary. Here he had long been in the habit of reading and praying, in his most serious or depressed moments, and it was curious with what care and neatness he had arranged all the details of the interior.

"It gives me sincere pleasure to welcome you to my humble abode," said Capt. Tobias, taking off his hat, and exhibiting a head and countenance which had become noble in appearance through the generous sentiments by which his whole being was pervaded. "Little did I expect, an hour ago, that such an angel as you are would ever cross this humble threshold. Be assured that I am very proud of the honour."

"You are too good to me, Capt. Tobias," returned Helen, feelingly, her heart warming towards the kindly old man. "Truly it is always the darkest just before day. My late agony already appears to me rather a remembrance than a present affliction. And now to tell you, friends, all that has happened."

She dropped gracefully into a rustic chair our hero had hastened to place at her disposal, and at once entered upon the promised narration.

First, she related how happy she and her father had been in their beautiful home in London, before the last cloud of disaster had gathered upon Mr. Prescott's fortunes.

Then she told how all this happiness had been wrecked by the villany of John Grindem.

The immense astonishment of her hearers at this feature of her case can hardly be imagined, much less described.

Next the fair girl narrated the long voyage around Cape Horn; the brig's disasters; its long driftings under the broiling sun of the Equator; the advent of disease and famine; the fatal illness of her father; the death of her fellow-passengers; and the last terrible scenes at the wreck.

And finally she told of Mr. Grindem's wooing; his repeated proposal of marriage and its rejection; his subsequent persecutions; crafty proceedings in the matter of securing a boat and provisions; and her voyage with him to the island. The two men listened as if spellbound, and it is needless to say that they entered entirely into Helen's views and emotions, laugh-

ing when she smiled and weeping when she wept.

"Bless me! this is a tale worth the hearing!" said Captain Tobias, when the fair girl had brought down the story of her adventures to the moment of her meeting with her new friends. "And what strikes me more than everything else, is the constant mercy of Heaven to this poor child, and the visible fatefulness—so to speak—of the events which have brought us together!"

"It is indeed a strange affair," said Albert, "especially if we note the position of the Grindems in it. For we must now tell you, Miss Prescott, that you are not the only sufferer from that most respectable villain, but that the captain and myself both have reason to dislike him. Listen!"

And with this Albert narrated the great outrage of which Captain Tobias was the victim, and then avowed his own relationship to the Grindems.

"Well, this is indeed astounding!" commented our heroines. "It seems that we are all three victims of John Grindem! And does not that fact add greatly to the singularity of our meeting upon this distant island?"

(To be Continued.)

## BOUND TO THE TRAWL.

By the Author of "Glytic Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," "Poor Loo," etc.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### PASSING AWAY.

If thou dost ill the joy fades, not the pains;  
If well the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

GEORGE HERBERT.

"UNCLE, I was afraid you were being murdered," said Percy, grasping his relative's hand eagerly.

"Well, I did stand a very good chance of it just now," was the reply. "The noise you made above stairs frightened the miscreant, and he fled. You'll find his knife about the place somewhere," he added, to one of the policemen.

"How imprudent of you to come to such a place, and alone too," said the young barrister, with evident pain and annoyance. "If you had not shown me that letter by accident I should have known nothing of your intention, and then what might not have happened!"

"We won't speculate on it; I'm thankful for your timely rescue; send for a cab, will you. I want to take this young man out of this foul den."

"Why? Who is he? Not—"

A glance at his uncle's face made him pause and hesitate.

Surely that dying youth, with his bright hair, glittering eye, sunken flushed cheeks, and yet with a certain coarseness, vulgarity, almost viciousness depicted on his countenance, could not be his uncle's son, the child too of his own father's sister, whose beauty was still remembered by those who had known her, and whose portrait bore witness to the justice of their opinion.

Very closely and critically he looked at the young man, and the longer he did so the more convinced he became that this was some daring and unscrupulous imposture.

Katie Jessop had described Basil as being so like his father that she had recognised the latter the very moment he presented himself at their door, and there was not one feature or expression in any degree alike between these two.

It was not for him to interfere, however; his uncle did not call the youth his son or speak to or of him, except as a poor fellow whom he meant to befriended.

The place in which they were was horribly stifling. Percy himself, as we know, had not

long been allowed to consider himself off the sick list, and he now, the excitement being over, turned faint and giddy, and one of the policemen had to help him out of the room, up the stairs, and into the street, where the still falling rain dripped upon his uncovered head and helped to revive him.

"I will come with you to your chambers, Percy," said his uncle, anxiously, "that is," he added, quickly, "unless you will come to mine."

"Whichever you like," was the reply. "I am better now. It was the atmosphere of that filthy den that upset me. I am not strong yet."

"No, of course you are not; we will go to my place."

Then, with a few words to the inspector, who had come with his men at Percy's request, and an observation in a low tone to the sick man, Colonel Chartres got into a cab with Percy, while two policemen followed in another cab with the sick stranger.

"I have found him at last," said the elder man, sadly, as the cab containing uncle and nephew rolled along.

"Found who?" asked Percy.

"My son—Basil."

"As much as I have found a son," was the incredulous reply. "No, uncle, you have been duped most completely."

"I don't think so, I almost wish I could. Too many things seem to confirm the assertion of his identity, and yet, I must confess, I am disappointed in him."

"I should think you are. I tell you it is an imposture; one comfort, however, is that Katie Jessop and her uncle and aunt and dozens of people can identify him if he is what he professes to be."

"Yes; but I want to keep his identity unknown for a time, until he is in better health, and stronger; he could not bear the shock of a trial, or even of an investigation in his present condition."

"That may be; but have you considered that you render yourself liable to prosecution if you harbour or conceal a murderer?"

"But he says he did not do it."

"Of course he does, and on that point I believe him, but let Katie see him as soon as you can. You can show him to her as a man you are interested in. Take my advice, don't let either of them know what you intend; if I am right, and they don't know each other, you will see it, and if they do, you must then act according to your judgment."

"I will think of it."

"Do; but never do such a mad thing again as you have done to-night; another ten minutes and we might have been too late."

"You are right. I promise you I will be more careful. Here we are, the poor fellow must be put in my bed to-night. There are a couple of rooms on the same floor as mine vacant. I shall take them to-morrow."

Then they alighted, went into the elegantly-furnished chambers, while the sick man, but partly dressed, and carried rather than helped by the two policemen, came up slowly after them.

The housekeeper was called, a consultation held, the young man was put to bed, a nurse was engaged, a doctor sent for, the policemen dismissed, and then the colonel and Percy sat down at the sitting-room window, which commanded a view of the river, and with the sash thrown open, lighted their cigars and began to smoke.

Both were too excited and disturbed to sleep, even had they attempted it, and neither of them felt any inclination to converse upon the subject that filled the mind of each.

Why or wherefore he would have found it hard to say, but an instinctive repulsion to the young man lying on the bed in the next room made the colonel hope he was really not his son, for young as he was, he seemed so steeped in vulgarity and vice as to be fit for no society save that of the vilest of mankind.

Good or bad however, his own child or an impostor, one thing was quite certain, he could not live long to be either a blessing or blight to anybody, for the seal of death was upon him,



and the doctor, when he had seen and examined his patient, gave it as his opinion that it could only be a question of a few weeks.

"I shall take care of him to the last," said the elder man, suddenly; "and if he should be my boy—"

"He isn't, uncle," said the younger man, positively; "I am as sure of it as I am of my own existence; but we will settle the matter to-morrow, or to-day rather, for it is morning. I will fetch Katie Jessop and bring her to see him."

"Better leave me to do that," was the quiet reply; "Katie is both too young and too pretty to be running about with a young man like you."

"Why? Do you think I am in danger? I assure you I have met prettier girls than Katie unscathed."

"No, but she may be." Then, after a pause, the soldier went on:

"If that is true," with a jerk of the head towards the inner room, "my hopes with regard to the dear girl will be changed. I could not ask her to tie herself to such a log. In that case, if her mind is not otherwise disturbed, she may at last marry George Garland. She would make a man of him, and I believe he loves her, and it wouldn't be fair to fill her head with other notions, Percy, and with thoughts of you that can bring her nothing but pain and misery."

"I don't see why they should bring her pain and misery; I'm rather fond of her, and I don't know a better little woman living."

"All the more reason why her life should not be spoilt; you would never think of marrying her, Percy?"

"I don't know," meditatively, puffing his cigar. "I have thought about it, and the prospect looks blue; but it's a pity for a man like George to have her; he'll grow tired of her and neglect her a week after they're married."

"I don't agree with you, already you see the good effect which even the hope of winning her is having upon him."

"The hope! Then she is not engaged to him?" quickly.

"Not definitely; in fact one can scarcely call it an engagement; but don't you fetch her, I will do so myself; you can be here about four to-morrow if you like to see the meeting, and recognition if there is any."

"To-day you mean."

"Well, yes, to-day, and now I shall try to get a few hours sleep on the sofa, that is if you feel well enough to go to the Temple alone."

"Oh, yes, it's only a stroll down the Strand. I am all right again. At four p.m. I'll be here; good-night."

And so the two men parted.

Before lying down on the couch, however, Colonel Chartres walked quietly into the next room to look at the stranger who might be so near to him in blood.

There he lay asleep, the nurse dozing in the chair close by.

Since his arrival he had been washed, clean linen put upon him, and his general appearance wonderfully improved, while his fair light hair fell upon the pillow, and at a slight distance he was by no means ill to look upon.

Still the character of the face remained plebeian and vice-tainted, while the hands of the sleeping youth, though large and ill formed, looked as though many a year had passed since they had done anything like hard work.

With the light upon him too, he seemed older than he had previously done—three or four and twenty at least—but sickness and suffering might have been the cause of that, and even as the colonel stands and looks at him, he coughs, moves restlessly, opens his eyes, and half wakes.

"The trees, the fields, a bit of blue sky," he means—then suddenly: "Joe!"

"What is it?" asks the watcher.

"Is he come?" questions the sick man; "him as you say is my father;—my father!" he repeated, bitterly; "I never owned a father. I'm a work-us brat, I am!"

A fit of coughing here roused the nurse, and

more completely woke the patient, while Colonel Chartres sadly enough returned to the next room.

"Poor wretch," he sighed; "if there is any imposture, he is no party to it; unhappily my poor boy was not the only one brought up, if not actually born in a workhouse. But I must fetch Katie, she can tell me whether this is really my son Basil. I hope it is not; it will be worse than never finding him at all, to meet him like this."

Then he rolled himself up in a rug, threw himself upon the couch, and was soon in a profound sleep.

And meanwhile Captain Growler's apprentice in the next room coughed and dozed, and tossed restlessly about, babbling of green fields, waving trees, and bits of blue sky, as though he had been born to better things than to lie here, in his early manhood, dying.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### "TEDDY DALE!"

"Tis virtue which they want, and, wanting it,  
Honour no garment to their backs can fit."  
BEN JONSON.

"KATIE, I have somebody here who is ill, and I want you to see him."

"Yes, uncle."

She had begun to call him by the same title as that by which Amy and Minnie Garland addressed him; it was so formal to address him as Colonel Chartres, and as he smilingly observed, he had found so many nieces and nephews that one more would make but little difference.

"I think you have met him before, my dear," he went on, "but don't show any great surprise, or agitate him, the doctor says he must be spared as much excitement as possible."

"But who is it, uncle?"

"That you will tell me, dear, better perhaps than I can tell you. Come this way."

And the girl somewhat reluctantly obeyed. The bedroom which had been given up to the sick youth whom Colonel Chartres had the night before brought from the foul cellar in Short's Gardens, was partly darkened, but through the open window the perfume of flowers was wafted and a view of the busy river could be obtained, while "the bit of blue sky" that he had so sighed for could likewise be seen from the couch upon which he was lying.

When Katie first caught sight of his fair hair, she turned pale, and clutched at her companion's arm for support, but as the invalid turned his face more fully towards her she recovered herself, and stepping quickly to his side, said:

"Teddy Dale; is it you?"

"Yes, that's what they called me in the work-us, but who are you? Not," he added, with a gasp, "Miss Katie?—Growler's niece?"

"Yes; why not?"

"You've grown so beautiful, and I am so bad, so bad. I'm not fit to look at you."

"I hope you will grow better, there is always time while life lasts, to resist evil and do good. But how do you come here?"

"I don't know; a cove what was in the den I was hiding in found out I'd been bound to a tawler; then he said he'd been the same, then we found out 'twas to the same master, and to the 'Pretty Kitty;' and he found out too that I was born in a work-us, and didn't know who I belonged to."

"Yes, I know, Teddy;" for he had paused, and she gave him some reviving medicine.

"Well, one day, Tree, as he called himself, come and told me my father was looking for me, that he was a rich man, and it was all square, and that my name was Basil Rossburn, not Teddy Dale."

"Basil Rossburn," repeated Katie, in amazement, and turning to the colonel. "There must be some mistake here; what is the meaning of it?"

"Don't you recognise this young man as my son, Basil?" was the question in lieu of reply.

"Certainly not!" with energy; "Basil Ross-

burn is unlike this man as—as light is from darkness."

"You are sure?"

"As sure as I am of my own existence. This man," she went on, "was apprenticed to my uncle; he ran away before Basil came to us; it was to fill his place that uncle engaged Basil; they never met, but they are no more alike than you and I are. How could you think so?"

"I don't know; he was represented as such; you know I never saw my son."

"I can well believe it, or you would not thus have been imposed upon; but remember what you yourself were at his age, but dress the memory in rough clothing, and you will have your boy."

Then turning to Teddy, she said:

"There has been some deception, this gentleman is not your father; it was another apprentice we had that was his son."

"I don't believe it," flushing, and with some energy. "I can't be sent back to that cellar. I shall die if I am, and you'll be doing murder. George Tree said my name was Basil Rossburn, and I believe it is."

"The young man you were taken for was called Basil Rossburn among us, but that was not his real name," said Katie, calmly; "and more than that," she added, "there's a coroner's warrant out against him for wilful murder."

"Murder!" repeated the man, with horror; "no I never did that; I've snapped a purse and I've cracked a crib, but I never killed nobody, I swear it; 'pon my soul I never did; may I never breathe again if—"

"Of course, of course; you're not the man; but how did you get ill like this? It seems so sudden; you used to be strong enough, I've heard uncle say."

"Yes; I haven't been well for a long time, but I caught a cold Sunday week; we tried to crack a crib, and I had to swim the river and lie down in the long grass, and I took a chill, though the weather was warm, and I got worse and worse, and then Tree told me about my father, and here I am."

"And the house you tried to enter was called the 'Willows.'"

"How do you know? You weren't there."

"I was; but where is Crabtree? He was one of the burglars; I heard his voice."

"You mean Tree, don't you? He fell from the window, and we went away and left him; we couldn't help ourselves, but he came back to us all right; he's a clever fellow is George Tree; he'd wriggle out of a hole a weasel couldn't get through."

"But where is he now?"

"I don't know; he tried to knife him," with a glance at the colonel, and he's threatened to do for him, and I shouldn't wonder if he keeps his word. But isn't that my father? Are you sure of it?"

"Quite sure. Basil Rossburn, that gentleman's son, lived with my uncle, or was on the tawler three or four years; he was missing suddenly. I believe he was killed; but I remember you quite well."

"But shan't I stay here no longer?" eagerly.

"You shall be taken care of," said the colonel, "but, come, Katie, I want you in the next room."

At the door they met Percy Rossburn, and at the sight of him the girl's face flushed painfully. How she envied those women who can control their countenances, who can drive away or hide the burning blush that often tells such a painful and eloquent story.

Looking at her countenance you could read her pure thoughts, and Colonel Chartres felt grieved and pained as he did so, for what he had suspected previously now became a certainty, she loved the young barrister, and would if she could hide the painful fact.

He might have felt certain of this when Percy was found senseless upon the grass, and she flung herself passionately on her knees by his side; but the excitement and terror she was labouring under enabled him to make excuses for her, and to believe she would have acted in the same manner had he or George Garland been in similar danger.



[TEDDY DALE.]

Still hoping that the girl might be saved inevitable pain if his suspicions were correct, Colonel Chartres tried to account for her blushes by remembering her previous conduct, but he was not successful.

The girl flushed, turned pale, and seemed ill at ease, escaping as soon as she was able to one of the windows out of which she could see the gardens of the embankment beneath with their prettily arranged and richly coloured flower-beds, and the restless river, the constant swell of which seemed not more turbulent than the tumultuous beating of her own heart which this unexpected encounter with Percy Rossburn had so much disturbed.

A few minutes, and she became calmer.

Adelphi Terrace is a place whence one may survey a small portion of the world and experience a certain amount of breadth of thought and a disdain for all personal pettiness. Some such feeling as this had its effect upon the girl's mind now as she stood looking down upon the river and the broad sweep of the embankment, while the verse that had on many trying occasions been her inspiration and incentive to effort also came back to her mind:

Hope not that the way is smooth,  
Dream not that the thorns are roses,  
Turn no longing eye of youth  
Where the sunny beam reposes,  
Thou hast sterner work to do,  
Haste to cut thy passage through,  
Close behind thee guils are burning;  
Forward; there is no returning.

With the last line she nerved herself to turn round to Percy Rossburn and say calmly:

"The man that tried to use his knife against your uncle was the same that knocked you down in the garden, and, I believe, had something to do with Basil Rossburn's disappearance. Can't he be caught and punished, and prevented from continually committing crime? What is the use of the law if it allows such miscreants to go at large to the danger of the lives of others. That man Dale," with an inclination of her head towards the bedroom, "says, Crabtree has vowed

to kill your uncle, and he believes he will do it."

"Threatened men live long," smiled the colonel; "but I wish he could be caught, and that the fate of my son might be ascertained. I am living for a purpose which shows no sign of accomplishment."

And the old man sighed.

Katie made no reply. She had two conditions of belief with regard to the fate of Basil Rossburn that were perfectly irreconcilable: one was that he was living, the other that he was dead, and she fluctuated between the two in a manner that was utterly bewildering to herself.

Singularly enough she often dreamed of Basil.

She saw him upon the sea, tossing about in an open boat, alone, bleeding and dying. And at other times in her dreams she saw him strong, handsome, and in good health with a bright smile upon his face, and some inherent power and refinement which she had recognised before, developed now, while he seemed to be dressed as the son of a gentleman and to have left behind him his old life with the smack and the trawl-nets, and the smell of fish, the treacherous sea, the long days under the burning blistering sun, and the still longer nights with their dense darkness and bitter freezing cold—all were things of the past; his very name and identity were gone, and yet he lived.

So her dreams told her.

Awake, however, she remembered but two well the horrible circumstances of the case; Crabtree's vow of vengeance, and as she believed his diabolical mode of wreaking it both upon his enemy and poor Charley Crisp the witness of his crime, and she could not, reviewing the whole, for one moment doubt that Basil Rossburn was dead.

Thus divided in thought she forbore to express an opinion when Colonel Chartres spoke of his son's fate as still doubtful, though George Crabtree's attempt to foist Teddy Dale upon the anxious father as the missing youth seemed to

give still greater certainty to the supposition that poor Basil was no longer in the land of the living and able to come forward, justify his own conduct and claim his rightful position in the world.

"We will try to find and punish the scoundrel," said Percy Rossburn, sternly, as he looked into the girl's face and saw the terror and anxiety depicted there. "You write out a full and particular description of the man, and I will engage Farmer and some other detectives from Scotland Yard to search for him; he can't be very far off."

Nor was he.

Indeed so near was George Crabtree that Teddy Dale received a communication from him that very night, one too that the dying man hesitated to show to his present protector whom, till Katie's visit, he had believed to be his father.

Twenty pounds had but wetted George Crabtree's appetite. He must have gold; more gold, and he was ready to use bold and daring means to obtain it.

Had he known, however, that a full and particular description of himself, even to a huge mole under the left ear, was in the hands of the police, supplied by Katie Jessop, he would not have been quite so valiant as he now showed himself.

Also, he underrated Colonel Chartres' caution and sagacity, for even in his rapid flight he had learned that the old man had been unconscious of the help that was at hand, and that he had really been so rash as to trust himself alone and unprotected in such doubtful company.

No, though George Crabtree meant to be cautious, he did not anticipate serious danger, and the terror of a gaol was not upon him, for, with the exception of his punishment as a runaway apprentice, he has never yet, as his pals expressed it, "been in the jug." He was treading on dangerous ground, however, where every fresh step might prove a pitfall.

(To be Continued.)





[A HEARTLESS WIFE.]

## "MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Sinned Against: Not Sinning," &c.

### CHAPTER XXV.

True friendship deals not thus;  
It hovers near with sympathetic tears  
For things that pain.

CLEMENT WOODLEIGH was not the only person surprised at the marriage of the Earl of Brakeholme with Geraldine Butler. Sir Mervyn was rather astonished, but agreeably so, for he liked the idea of being able to say: "My cousin, the Countess of Brakeholme." As such she was bearable, because of her position, whilst he had always fought shy of her as Geraldine Butler.

Mrs. Butler had fondly hoped to have lived with her daughter after the marriage of the latter. But the Countess of Brakeholme thought differently, and Mrs. Butler was given to understand that she must occupy her house in Park Lane as heretofore.

"It's not kind of 'ee, Gerry!" exclaims the old lady, when "Geraldine, Countess of Brakeholme," as she writes herself down, now tells her mother the decision she has arrived at. "It's not kind of 'ee! I thought we could never be separated," continues Mrs. Butler, who is really attached to her daughter. "I thought 'ee would like to have me with 'ee always. And Gerry, my dear, I could help 'ee to entertain all the grand company 'ee'll have about 'ee now."

"I tell you, mother," rejoins Geraldine, abruptly and decidedly, "your living with us would materially interfere with our plans. So you had better retain the house in Park Lane.

And as to helping me to entertain my company, recollect I shall now be in a different set from that I have hitherto lived amongst. - I must keep up my position as Countess of Brakeholme, therefore, mother, I shall always be glad to see you when we dine en famille, but you must not think it a slight if I do not ask you at other times."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Butler did feel slighted, and the old woman went to her lonely home more saddened and more sorrowful than she thought it possible the loss of Geraldine could have rendered her.

The family mansion in Great Gaunt Street had undergone a complete reformation. Painters, decorators, upholsterers, have all been busy for weeks past, and Geraldine, Countess of Brakeholme, has taken up her residence in it for the season.

We say, advisedly, the Countess, for the Earl of Brakeholme is of very little account. He has a couple of rooms somewhere at the top of the house, and there he disports himself in company with his beloved grubs and butterflies.

It is a lovely morning towards the end of April, and even in Great Gaunt Street, dingiest and gloomiest of thoroughfares, the sun is making a brave show, lighting up the occasional hatchments and the window gardening attempted by some of the more enterprising and sanguine of the dwellers in Great Gaunt Street. My Lady Baracres, who lives over the way, looks across with something very like disgust depicted upon her hawk-like countenance as she notes the new, glaring appearance of the family mansion of the Earl of Brakeholme. She is of opinion that all this paint and stucco detracts from the hitherto aristocratic appearance of the mansion, and there are many others who are inclined to agree with her. Geraldine, Countess of Brakeholme, has exhausted her ingenuity upon all kinds of eccentric blinds too, and behind one of these let us peep with the sunbeams on this April forenoon.

Geraldine is changed and yet not changed. There is the same plebeian cast of features and

form, the same cruel, keen grey eye, and the same sensual mouth and lower face. The change is noticeable in a certain assumed haughtiness of demeanour and superciliousness of manner which she is of opinion is a style befitting the Countess of Brakeholme.

Her dress, too, is more striking and expensive than refined. She wears a kind of under-dress of pink silk, over which is a white muslin Watteau-fashioned dressing gown, much befrilled and beribboned, a little cap of the same, perched coquettishly at one side of her head.

The Countess of Brakeholme is languidly sipping her chocolate, whilst the earl, in a grey duffle dressing gown, and a pair of old yellow morocco slippers, sits opposite to her, a letter in his hand, and a pained look upon his kind face.

"It is a weary thing all this waiting and perpetually being disappointed," says the earl, referring to the letter in his hand. "This is from the chief officer in Scotland Yard, and he says the search may as well be abandoned as his men can find no clue whatever to Isola's whereabouts. They thought they were on the track lately but found they were wrong."

"How stupid!" is the not very sympathetic remark of the countess, as she breaks a roll into her chocolate. She has ceased to take any interest in the finding of Isola.

A shade of disappointment crosses the Earl of Brakeholme's face.

"I feel so helpless in the matter," he says. "Geraldine, can you not suggest anything?" and he looks at her almost pleadingly.

"I am really sick of the whole affair!" she exclaims, rather impatiently; "when you pay people like those detectives to look after your daughter they ought to take all the trouble off your hands; it is their business to suggest ways and means for finding her!"

"But you professed to be so much attached to Isola," he says, gravely and quietly, "and said you would go all over the world to find her, that I am rather surprised at this change in your sentiments, Geraldine."

"My sentiments have never changed respecting Isola," she replies, coldly. "I pitied the unfortunate young woman, so cruelly and indifferently treated by her only parent."

The earl winces, and Geraldine sees this, and with a stealthy glance at him out of her cat-like eyes, she proceeds further to turn the tables upon her much-enduring husband.

"At the same time," she continues, deliberately, "if you do chance to find the girl, you will find her rather a burden than otherwise."

"What do you mean, Geraldine?" asked with a sudden kindling of his blue eyes.

"Just this—that she is utterly uneducated, unconventional, and notwithstanding a certain amount of physical attractions, not a girl to be seen in society with."

"Take care what you are saying, Geraldine; you said very differently to me some months ago."

"We need not go over that ground again. I saw how grieved and disappointed you were," she says, dexterously, "when you first came and found your bird had flown, and therefore it was only Christian" (Geraldine always adopts a high moral and religious tone) "to try and make things appear as favourable as possible; but did it ever occur to you that—"

She looks questioningly at her husband, and pretends to hesitate.

"What?"

"Well, of course, you did not see the girl, so can, of course, form no idea of her character."

"The idea I have formed of her character is almost solely derived from what you have told me."

"Yes."

"And you have led me to believe that Isola is intelligent, beautiful, warm-hearted, and affectionate."

"Ah! well, there was one trait of character which a sort of delicacy, a desire to spare your feelings, has hitherto made me keep silent."

The Earl of Brakeholme's dreamy blue eyes suddenly wake up into something like absolute interest.

"You had better tell me, Geraldine."

"I hardly like to do so, but I suppose I ought," she says, with well-feigned diffidence; "but I am sorry to say I think Isola had low tastes, and," she continues, warming into brilliant fiction, "it is my opinion there was some man she was attached to, and that she really went off with him. I believe in my heart and soul that her shrieking was all a pretence, and that it was pre-arranged."

The Earl of Brakeholme has implicit faith in his wife's acuteness, and is inclined to think that his daughter, after all, must be no very great loss.

"Geraldine! do you really think this?" he asks, in a grieved tone.

"I do, dear."

She sees she is gaining her point, and speaks sympathisingly to him.

"It pains me very much to hear it," he says, and he means it; "but tell me, what led you to come to that conclusion?"

"Oh!" and she gives her shoulders a little affected shrug, which she has been practising for some time past, and considers effective and coquettish. "I really cannot say; ever so many little things she both said and hinted, and I am not slow to take a hint."

"I see, dear," he says; "nevertheless, although Isola might not be a pleasant addition to our family circle, yet, as my daughter, I feel it a matter of duty to try and find her whereabouts."

"True!" she replies, in a careless tone; "by the way," she continues, in a more animated manner, "I hope you have no engagement for Thursday next?"

"Why?"

"Because it is the first day of the opening of the Academy, and I want particularly to go."

"I have no engagement that I am aware of," he says, "and I shall be only too happy to be your escort;" and as he speaks, the Earl of Brakeholme rises and leaves the room.

Yes; Geraldine, Countess of Brakeholme, is disappointed in her married life. She had

married for position, and she soon found it irksome to keep up the farce of pretending to care for the pursuits her husband loved.

So she seeks for consolation in excitement, and since the opening of the Academy has been the theme of the daily papers, the Countess of Brakeholme has been thinking more than usual about Clement Woodleigh.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Gold! gold! Gold! gold!  
Bright and yellow—hard and cold.

MISS KILMANSNOG.

"WHAT a nuisance that girl is!" exclaims the Countess of Brakeholme to herself, referring to the lost Isola; "it is really too much to be expected to get up an interest in her any longer, especially for the sake of merely pleasing one's husband!"

Such are the reflections of the Countess of Brakeholme, as her husband leaves the room. She stands up, and impatiently paces up and down, whilst a frown disfigures her never particularly good-tempered-looking features.

"I hate her!" she continues, vindictively, as she continues her walk. "She won from me the only love I ever cared for, and I consequently hate her as only a woman in such circumstances can hate another woman! I wish she were more in my power! For, as it is, how do I know but that some day or other she may confront me!"

Geraldine, Countess of Brakeholme, stops in her uneasy walk, and gazes out of the window. There are only brick walls to meet her view; but as she turns her head, she sees a vista of green trees in the park beyond, and, somehow or other, she hears a voice calling:

"Clement! Clement!"

It goods her to madness! What business has Isola Marbourne to call upon Clement Woodleigh? And as Geraldine, Countess of Brakeholme, asks herself that question, she turns away from the window.

"If I could only know where she is!" she exclaims, half despairingly, as she stops in the middle of the room. "If I could only find out! I do not want to harm her, but I certainly want to keep her from ever becoming the friend or—good heavens! perhaps more—to Clement Woodleigh."

"For he!" she continues, "I feel sure, cares for her as a man cares for a woman but once in a lifetime. And I—" the Countess of Brakeholme pauses, and presses her hand to her side. "Heaven, help me, I care for Clement Woodleigh as a woman cares for a man but once in her life!"

Such is the pivot upon which it all turns. Since all the talk of the forthcoming Academy Exhibition has been in the daily papers, and in the weekly journals of society, the Countess of Brakeholme has watched with feverish anxiety the many mentions of the name of Clement Woodleigh.

Critics seem to be unable almost to do justice to the merits of his picture. It is also remarkable that he is not praised by a clique: the commendation is universal; and as she reads all these encomiums, all her latent passion for him is aroused; and the Countess of Brakeholme determines that the famous painter, Clement Woodleigh—whose name is in everyone's mouth—shall become one of her very particular friends during the present season.

There is another thing Geraldine, Countess of Brakeholme, determines upon, and that is, that she will dexterously destroy Clement Woodleigh's faith in the innocence and ingenuousness of the Lady Isola Marbourne.

The small breakfast-room in which the Countess of Brakeholme is opens upon an ante-chamber, which in its turn opens upon a corridor leading to the central hall. Between the ante-chamber and the breakfast-room are no doors, only heavy damask portières; and as Geraldine paces restlessly up and down, the curtains are raised, and a woman stands in the doorway.

It is Jane Mason, the former housekeeper,

now elevated to the dignity of own woman to the Countess of Brakeholme.

She bears a queer-looking little note on a silver salver, which she presents to the countess, saying:

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, but the person who came with that note insisted upon my taking it to your ladyship."

The countess took the note from the salver, saying, at the same time, with much hauteur:

"You know you should not bring me such messages or letters! I cannot be annoyed by begging letters and such things. No doubt this is some appeal to charity, and really there are so many charities that one knows of to subscribe to, that it is too much to be asked for alms in this way."

But—all the same—the Countess of Brakeholme's common, mundane curiosity gets the better of her haughty manner and resolves, and she opens the letter, whilst Jane Mason withdraws, saying:

"I shall remember your orders for the future, my lady."

Geraldine, Countess of Brakeholme, reads the little note, and an alarmed expression overspreads her features.

She staggers to a couch and sits down, whilst she re-peruses the misadventure, which is very short, and runs thus:

"GIVE me an interview. I do not care whether it is you or your husband I see: either will do, but I should prefer, for many reasons, to see yourself. If the interview be granted, it must be at once."

"ISOLA MARBOURNE."

"Isola Marbourne!" she ejaculates, "this cannot be my husband's daughter! No! of course not! It is the baseborn sister of the earl!"

With the little note in her hand, Geraldine, Countess of Brakeholme, sits and hesitates for a moment. Can it be possible that this woman is going to betray the whole matter into the earl's hands? That would utterly spoil all that Geraldine has been so assiduously working for for the past six months. So she determines to see the visitor. Acting upon this determination the Countess of Brakeholme rings the bell. It is promptly answered by Jane Mason, and her mistress says, haughtily:

"As I supposed—a begging appeal. Tell the person to come to me, and leave me alone with her. She is a person I knew formerly, and being eccentric, she may not care to have another person witness to what she says to me."

"Yes, my lady," is all Jane Mason says, and quickly departs to do her mistress's behest.

As the new-comer is ushered to the Countess of Brakeholme's private apartments by the footman, she stops on the threshold of the ante-room, and looks keenly at Jane Mason. She has a thick veil on, so that the latter cannot see her features.

"You are an old servant of the family?" she says, inquiringly.

"Yes, madame," replies the discreet Jane.

"You are much attached to the family?"

"Yes, madame, I have every reason to be so."

"You would do them a service if you could?"

"Certainly, madame; but my lady is waiting to see you."

"How do you like your new lady?"

"You must excuse me, madame," says Jane Mason, with an access of dignity worthy of her mistress; "but I never discuss my lady with strangers."

"Nonsense!" exclaims the other; "you know as well as I do that she is an upstart! You know quite well that you would rather have the Lady Isola at the head of the establishment!"

Jane Mason gives a start, and tries to peer through the thick veil of the speaker.

"You know very well you would," she continues. "For some time past I have been watching this house and making inquiries respecting its inmates, and I know all about you. I know you are, to some extent, to be trusted. All I ask of you now is, try and listen to the conversation which goes on between your mis-



tress and me. Now!" she exclaims, imperiously, "lead me to the Countess of Brakeholme."

In sheer amazement Jane Mason obeys. She is not by any means a clever woman, but she possesses the customary cunning of her class, and after ushering the woman into the presence of the Countess of Brakeholme she secrets herself behind the portière.

"This is a surprise," says the countess, as the woman raises her long, thick black veil and reveals the features of Isola Marbourne.

"I can scarcely hope that it is a pleasant one, considering the circumstances of our last interview," says Isola Marbourne, with her customary sarcasm.

"To what, may I ask," inquires the countess, with some hauteur, "may I attribute the honour of this visit?"

"To this," replies the woman, whilst a steely glitter flickers in her bleared eyes, "that my brother and I have been deserted by the clan, and that we want bread."

"Oh!" the wily countess does not move one muscle.

"Yes, we want bread, and we look to you to supply it."

"Why do you apply to me?" she asks, coldly, determined to keep up her rôle of indifference, and acting as though this woman had no claim upon her in any way.

"Because you are the only one here interested in keeping the secret of the loss of the Lady Isola Marbourne."

"I cannot see how you make that out," she says, braving the matter out.

"Can you not?" she exclaims, sarcastically.

"There is no need to go over anything beyond this, that we are starving and we want bread—myself and my brother—and that if you do not help us my only resource is to go to Clement Woodleigh, the painter, to buy his silence with the price of telling him where he can find the Lady Isola."

The Countess of Brakeholme looks stealthily—as is her wont—at the unscrupulous woman before her. But Geraldine is every bit as unscrupulous and as unsparing in her own way, and she says:

"Considering you say you are starving, you present a very respectable appearance. Far more so than when I saw you last in Brakeholme Park."

"This is part of my disguise," says Isola, indicating her black stuff gown, and quiet-looking grey shawl. "You could scarcely expect me to go about London in the state in which you saw me in Brakeholme Park."

"True," she assents, "and now tell me exactly what you want."

"I want money!" exclaims the woman; "money sufficient to enable my brother and myself to leave this country and to live in the New World."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

What tho' the field be lost!  
All is not lost! The unconquerable will,  
The study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield.

MILTON.

"You certainly are not too modest in your demands!" exclaims the Countess of Brakeholme, sarcastically; "and pray," she asks, with her accustomed cunning and determination to make the best bargain, "what claim have you got upon me?"

The woman looks at her almost incredulously.

"You carry off the matter with a high hand," she says, "but you know very well you must comply with my demand."

"I cannot see why."

And Geraldine, Countess of Brakeholme, looks defiantly at the woman, whose bleared eyes almost seem to glitter with some kind of strange fire.

"Can you not?" she exclaims, advancing to the countess in a menacing manner. "Then I shall tell you why."

"Pray calm yourself!" says the countess, in

her most dulcet tones, "and sit down; let us talk this ridiculous matter over quietly. Now, tell me why you consider I have a right to help you with money?"

"Because you were instrumental in decoying the Lady Isola into the hands of those who took her away. She has come to know that, and she can denounce you to her father and before the eyes of the world."

"But the Lady Isola is in safe keeping, is she not? Not much fear of her coming forth to denounce me or anyone else, I should think."

"Don't be too sure," she replies. "But this I tell you, I want money desperately, and I must have it. You are the only one to whom I can look to for it, and if you do not supply me with it I shall take means to let your husband know the share you have had in the disappearance of his daughter."

"Absurd! woman!" the countess ejaculates; "just as though my husband would pay any attention to any trumped-up stories of the kind."

"I give you your choice," replies the woman, steadily. "Give me a certain sum down, and the rest by instalments at certain stated periods, or I shall do what I say."

"If you attempt to do anything of the kind I shall set the police upon your track," exclaims Geraldine, defiantly. "If you mean what you say, so also do I, and if you are caught you know what your punishment is likely to be."

"I have yet another threat," says Isola Marbourne; "refuse my request, and I shall put the police upon the track of those who have taken away the Lady Isola!"

The Countess of Brakeholme becomes white with baffled rage. Her lips quiver convulsively, and she clenches her hands with rage.

"Yes," continues Isola Marbourne, watching and noting with some satisfaction the effect produced by her words; "I swear I will do it, unless you comply with my request. We are starving! Starving, woman!" she exclaims, going forward and grasping the countess's arm, "and you have it in your power to help us! You did not spare the Lady Isola, why should you be spared now?"

The Countess of Brakeholme determines to try another set of tactics.

"Listen to me, my good woman," she says, outwardly calm, although there is a tempest raging within. "Why should you think it of any moment to me whether the Lady Isola Marbourne is released and restored to her father or not? It cannot affect my position in any way. I am the Countess of Brakeholme, and save that I forfeit it by any foolish conduct of my own, no one can deprive me of the rank and its attendant advantages."

"Then I shall leave you," replies Isola Marbourne; "but mind, I tell you I shall put my threats into execution. They are no idle words, I warn you. I bid you good-day, my Lady Countess, and I shall now seek the Earl of Brakeholme and lay my case before him."

"Stay!" says Geraldine, rising, and placing herself between the portière and Isola Marbourne, "reflect a little. Do you think you are wise to go to the earl?"

"Are you wise to refuse my request?" she queries in return.

"That is no answer to my question," says Geraldine, steadily. "I warn you that if you go and lay your case before my husband, the Earl of Brakeholme, you run an imminent risk of being given over to the authorities."

"How marvelously interested you have become in my welfare!" exclaims the other, sarcastically, "but I cannot stay here, bandying words with you. I must have money, and at once! When people are starving they are not over nice as to the methods used to get bread."

"How much do you want?"

Isola Marbourne names a sum—not exorbitant—but beyond the present resources of the Countess of Brakeholme.

"I will give you half that sum," she says, true to her Cornish descent, in trying to drive as good a bargain as possible.

"No, I must have all or none," replies the other, decidedly.

"You know I brought my husband no money," says the Countess, "and he is not especially liberal in his allowance to me. In fact he spends so much in paying detectives about this wretched business, and in sending people off on wild-goose chases whenever he hears of anyone, or any number of persons in anyway answering the description of those he is in search of, that all this has seriously limited our income."

"Nonsense!" returns the other, energetically. "You can get me the money if you like. If you will not do it, I shall carry out my original intention of telling your husband all, and of putting him on the track of the Lady Isola."

"What is the lowest amount of money you will take?" demands the countess, now brought to bay.

"What I said before," she repeats, "five hundred pounds, and an annual payment as well."

"I have not got the money," says Geraldine, doggedly.

"Then get it," replies the other, in the same tone. "However, if you do not choose to do this, there is another person quite as interested in the Lady Isola as is her father, and to him I shall go and sell my information."

"To whom do you refer?" she asks, quickly.

"To that painting man who was at Petherick Place, and who rescued—rescued!" she exclaimed, with a harsh laugh; "why should I call it by such a name. He was the man who took away Isola—the Lady Isola Marbourne, forsooth—from those who only were repaying the insults of years in revenging themselves upon her. I know that man loves her, and if you do not choose to comply with my demand, to him I shall go, for I know where he lives, and sell my information."

The woman looks almost demoniacal as she speaks. Every word of this speech cuts into Geraldine's soul. Next to greed of worldly wealth, the strongest passion of her soul is jealousy, and she feels as she listens to Isola Marbourne, that she would willingly sell every jewel she possesses, and give her the sum she demands, rather than let the Lady Isola come forth again to the world, and, perchance, again enthrall Clement Woodleigh.

For the Countess of Brakeholme has laid down a plan which she intends to try to carry out. She intends to become a patron of art, and she means Clement Woodleigh to be her right-hand man and chief adviser.

"You allude to Mr. Woodleigh, the painter?" she says, carelessly.

"The same; he lives in Berners Street."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have tracked him to his home. Knowing we are hunted, it behoves us to know the lairs of the beasts of prey that would devour us!" and she gives another of her harsh laughs.

It grates even upon the very unsensitive ear of the Countess of Brakeholme, who takes counsel with her crafty brain for one brief minute, and then says:

"As the wife of the Earl of Brakeholme I am naturally anxious to avoid any more scandal about this matter. Do not go to Mr. Woodleigh, I promise you the money."

"Aha!" exclaims the woman, exultingly. "I thought you would come round to my terms."

"Merely for the reason I give," replies the countess, defiantly.

"I don't care for what reason, so long as I gain my point," she says. "I must have some money now—now! at once! and the remainder to-morrow evening at the latest."

"You shall have it; I shall take it to you myself," says the countess; and now, having gained your point, there is no need to prolong this interview."

"I agree with you," is the reply, and leaving an address with the countess, Isola Marbourne pulls down her thick veil and turns to leave the room.

Jane Mason has only just time to escape from the ante-room when Isola makes her appear-

ance. The ex-housekeeper eyes her closely, and as soon as the Countess of Brakeholme goes out for her afternoon drive, the maid takes a cab and drives off on her own account.

The Countess of Brakeholme is nearly at her wit's end as to how she can procure the money to satisfy Isola Marbourne. She goes over her private stock of jewellery, and finds there nothing at all approaching the value of the sum named. She does not like to ask her husband for any of the money, as he has been already as liberal as she could reasonably expect him to be.

For a moment or two she hesitates, and then decides; there is no alternative, these people must be kept quiet, therefore the Countess of Brakeholme decides to pawn the family diamonds!

(To be Continued.)

### SENTIMENTAL PHILANTHROPY.

A GENTLEMAN, who has been at the head of the systematic charities of London, says, in one of his reports, that the most formidable obstacles which he encounters originate with the sentimental philanthropists. "Guided entirely by the dictates of feeling, the services which they render are so miscellaneous and unwisely bestowed that they only serve to aggravate and perpetuate the evils which it is proposed to remedy. During the late war, one of our hospital stations, of which I had some oversight as a member of the Sanitary Commission, was overrun by tender-hearted women, who, at first, insisted upon giving to the sick and wounded men all sorts of comforting supplies in the way of doughnuts, fried apple-tarts, preserves, pickles, and the like, and it was not until they had managed to kill off two or three patients, who were not strong enough to resist the natural effect of these luxuries, that we succeeded in bringing the kind sisters under subjection.

"I have also been an Inspector of a State Prison, and can testify to the mischief which a sentimental philanthropy is capable of doing in that quarter. Here, for example, is an interesting young man—convicted, by the way, of an atrocious crime—with a dreamy eye, and a pathetic face, and a gentle voice, all seeming to say: 'I am the victim of untoward fortune. My early hopes were blighted—she whom I loved so tenderly and trusted so implicitly, proved unfaithful; other misfortunes came upon me, and, under strong provocations, in an evil hour, I fell. And here I am in prison—the disgrace is harder to bear than the confinement. I do not so much mind the cold, dark cell, the weary monotony, the coarse, repulsive food, as I do the shame that rests upon my head, and the sorrow I have brought upon my poor, dear mother.'

"The young man not only looks all this, but, as he has opportunity, he pours it into the ear of sympathising visitors—he asks nothing from them but sympathy, knowing what treasures this key of sympathy is capable of unlocking; and he is soon singled out from the common herd as a special object of attention—furnished with books—not religious tracts, which do not accord with his tastes, but lively, stirring books, such as he really likes—fruits, and flowers, and various little delicacies are brought to him—one of the good ladies opens a correspondence with him, 'with a view of enlarging the sphere of his moral and intellectual being,' and in due time he is pardoned out, and set upon his own feet again.

"The dreamy eye now assumes a brighter and keener aspect, and begins to peer about for some congenial work, and on a dark night, at one or two o'clock, the interesting young man appears at your bedside, with a revolver in his hand, the contents of which he proposes to lodge somewhere under your skin unless you proceed at once to transfer to his keeping divers and sundry articles of jewellery, silver-plate, etc., to which he has taken a fancy. Perhaps the

kindness that he received in prison did him no personal harm, but if he had been allowed to serve out his full time you might not have lost your silver-plate.

"Sentimental philanthropy is capable of doing great harm among the poor. I knew a citizen who gave a large part of his time and fortune to the relief of the destitute, and a large room in his house was filled with such articles of food and clothing as were most likely to be needed, but he was not very popular with the poorer classes, because he had a habit of looking into cases before giving aid. The official superintendents of the poor, who, so far as I know them, are men of great good sense and real kindness, but not over sentimental or easily victimised by their feelings, do not receive many fervent benedictions from the paupers amongst whom they move.

"More than one-half of the money bestowed upon street and door-step beggars, is worse than thrown away. In some of the old countries abroad this nuisance is now entirely suppressed. In Venice, the miserable hulks that used to haunt the Square of San Marco have all vanished. In Paris, no man or woman or child dares to ask for aid in the streets, and even the old women on the church-steps only open their hands and groan. The reign of sentimental charity is over.

There is one matter which it becomes our taxpayers to look into, and that is the erection of prison and poor-house and common-school palaces, abounding not only in all 'the modern conveniences,' but also in modern splendours and luxuries. There are goals in which every cell costs about as much as a respectable mechanic's house, there are alms-houses which are models of elegance, and there are public schools which look as if they were meant for the residence of a prince. It is the duty of the State to provide a good, rudimentary education for all her children, but whether it is incumbent upon the State to erect sumptuous temples at the public cost and furnish a college curriculum of Greek and Latin, and French and German, and at the same time supply all the children with books and maps and stationery, and send round carriages on stormy days to take them to school, is a very doubtful question.

There is another department of philanthropy that needs watching. I refer to the various movements in progress for the prevention of cruelty to beasts and birds, and fishes and turtles, and children, the usefulness of which I do not mean to disparage, but which certainly ought to be guarded against the practical unwisdom of sentimental philanthropists. In our sympathy with the brute creation the welfare of man may possibly be forgotten. Pigeon-shooting is not an elevating amusement, and ought to be suppressed, and the man who treats his horse unmercifully, deserves very little mercy himself.

"It is well that dogs should be muzzled, if they are allowed to go at large at all, which is doubtful; and even cats have rights, which every man and boy is bound to respect. Rats and mice are generally considered fair game, but even these should be put out of existence with as little pain as possible; a rule, I regret to say, which the feline race do not scrupulously regard. Few people are philanthropic enough to deal gently with mosquitoes, but, from the nature of the case, they are not liable to be tortured much, before they die. In this whole matter, let kindness be tempered with wisdom.

"In the line of moral and political philanthropy there is much which might be said, but which cannot be said, without raising in certain quarters a howl of holy indignation. The idea that the vices and follies of humanity are to be exterminated by legislation is a favourite one in these days. It is true that the punishment of crime is not the only duty of the legislator—he is also bound, as far as possible, to remove the occasions of vice and crime. Society ought to protect itself against every evil from which it is liable to suffer, and the damages of which it will be called to pay. It has the right to shut up gambling-houses and indecent dancing-saloons and grog-shops; to prohibit and prevent

the vending of adulterated goods of all sorts; to regulate the sale of liquors, and narcotics, and poisons, and gunpowder, and dynamite, and indecent publications, on the simple ground of self-protection.

"But the sentimental philanthropic politician seems to imagine that, if he can only secure the enactment of a sufficient number of prohibitory laws, he will be able, by the mere act of physical coercion, to wipe out the vices which, in all ages and in all lands, have thus far cursed humanity. That they may be abated, by judicious legislation, has been already proved, but moral statute laws must always prove futile, when they are not sustained by a sound public opinion. There is something lying back of the grog-shop, and the gambling-hell, and all other haunts of vice, which must be remedied in order to a thorough and permanent cure. Not only do the hearts of men need to be renewed, but there is a vacuum in the social life of very many which must be filled in some wholesome way, if we would keep out that which is unwholesome. A craving in a wrong direction is most effectually cured or prevented by a stronger craving in a better direction.

"Honest employment and innocent recreation and the love of study, in this connection, may be regarded as means of grace. Let the sentiment of philanthropy take a practical turn and provide a good substitute for the liquor-saloon and other similar institutions, and the number of drunkards and profligates will abate throughout the land."

## HER GUIDING STAR;

OR,

## LOVE AND TREACHERY.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FEW days after, the quiet morning of Miss Fanmuir and Jessie was broken in upon by Susan, who rushed upstairs to inform them that a pedlar was below.

At that time, when the country shops were few and very indifferent, these itinerant traders were generally acceptable, especially in the female world. Miss Janet, therefore, having recollected various small wants, prepared to go down, followed by Jessie, chiefly for the novelty.

The man had been directed to come into the hall, and there, surrounded by the servants, old and young, he opened his pack and displayed his wares. He was a sturdy, hale-looking man, not young, but with such a merry eye and mirthful face no one could be old. These, a slight limp, and certain peculiarities proclaimed our friend Pat, whose professional wanderings had led him hither.

He cast a look of more than usual inquiry at the ladies as they approached, in answer to which the parlour-maid said:

"These are the ladies of the house."

Pat kept his eye on them.

"One looks older than t'other," thought he, "she's pretty-lookin', though; but she can't be the one, though she's more suitable."

Having thus communed with himself, he said:

"Well, ladies, hero's my shop—I call it my 'universal'!—muslins, silks, shawls, stockin's, gloves, pins, needles, scissors, knives, tapes, ribbons; everything that women folks can want—except sweethearts, and these 'ere will bring them too. No offence, I hope?"

The servants giggled.

"And what shall I sell you, my pretty lady?" said he, addressing Jessie.

"Have you pocket-handkerchiefs?" she asked.

"Sartin—plenty on 'em; just made for your little lily hand too;" bringing forth some, to which, without vanity, Jessie might have assigned a less distinguished destination. She looked rather dubious, but bought some.



"Perhaps you'd like pieter ones too, miss?"  
"Picture ones?"

"Yes, miss, very musical and instructive too. Here's one;" and he displayed one on which was stamped a chronological arrangement of the kings and queens of England.

The names, surmounted with a crown, were placed within circles, sometimes attended also by emblematical allusions to circumstances or events connected with them; as, for instance, seven smaller crowns encircling the name of Egbert; William Rufus accompanied by an arrow; a lamprey coiled around the name of Henry I.; the garter twined round Edward III.; and two circles, one inscribed Henry VII., the other Elizabeth, were connected by a knot of ribbons, the ends of which formed a scroll. This was, in Pat's estimation, a production of high art.

"There!" said he, triumphantly, "buy that, and you'll have it all at your finger's ends, as a body may say. If that isn't bein' larned at small expense, I should like to know! Or, if you like pieters, you can frame it, and hang it up in your room, always handy."

Perceiving that it did not take, much to his surprise, he proceeded to another.

"Well, here is somethin' that'll come nearer home."

And he spread out one on which was printed the old Scotch song, "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;" and, in illustration, a young girl was represented at a cottage door, with eyes directed to a distant stile, on which leaned a youth, who, with lover-like expression, seemed watching her approach.

"Now that," said Pat, closely observing Jessie, "that I call a speakin' thing. Don't you see her eyes meltin' like, and her lips movin'? Don't you seem to hear his whistle, clear as a skylark? Lord bless my old body! it makes me young ag'in jest to look at it. I feel e'en a most as if it was I myself."

Jessie's laugh encouraged him.

"And so do you too; I see you do; jest as if you was a settin' by your chamber window, a knowin' that somebody was a waitin' for you down yonder at the end of the road, or the 'avenue' as the quality calls it."

To check applications so familiar and personal, she replied, coldly:

"No, I don't fancy any of these. Have you any lead-pencils?"

"Sartinly, Pat O'Shane never fails;" and he handed them. They were poor enough, but she took them.

"And here's somethin' that goes with them," said he, handing a small tablet for memoranda.

Jessie examined the tablet, admitted its usefulness, and kept it.

"Perhaps you don't quite see into it yet; let me show you, miss. Jest, for instance, to-day's Tuesday, to-morrow Wednesday. Now, let's suppose"—lowering his voice, speaking deliberately and emphatically, and affecting to write in the tablet as he spoke—"that you'd got to meet him at nine o'clock to-morrow evening, at the end of the road, a little beyond the gate. Bein' put down here you can't forget, you know; and so"—taking a slip of paper from his pocket—"I'll jest put that in to mark the place, and show you that I am under orders from the right one." Then, in still lower tone, he added: "If you won't come, miss, you have nothin' to do but to shake your head."

Putting the pencil in its place, and folding the tablet up quickly, he looked sharply and inquiringly at her as he put it into her hand; while she, amazed, bewildered, and not as yet clearly comprehending, received it passively, and made no sign.

Satisfied with this, he proceeded to bundle up his wares with all despatch, and Jessie, trying to collect her thoughts, was divising how best to reprove his impertinence, when Mr. Fannuier entered, and giving Leo a farewell pat, he issued from the gate, and after proceeding a short distance in the neighbouring wood, he encountered a gentleman evidently on the watch for him. His slouched hat and large cloak concealed much

of his face and person, and in a voice subdued to harshness, he said: "What success?"

"Your arrant's did, sir," said Pat, "straight as an arrow."

"And she will come?"

"Sartin', sir; she understood the signals; all correct."

Putting a piece of money into Pat's hand, according to contract, he was silent for some minutes, during which Pat tossed up the half-crown with a careless, satisfied air, and the stranger surveyed him with a scrutinising gaze.

"I must trust someone," he muttered, then said aloud: "Be here at nine to-morrow evening—no, a quarter before. A carriage and pair of horses will be secured at the edge of the wood, on that farther side. Having reported yourself to me here, I will give you farther orders. When the lady comes, you must be ready to assist her. She may be a little overcome by fear—of pursuit, I mean—and unable to walk to the carriage. Ladies have not always the courage to do the very thing they most desire, and are grateful for a little gentle force. You understand?"

Pat's face wore an expression of entire and approving comprehension.

"Just so, sir. I haven't seen the world for nothin'. I'm up to a thing! women folks 'mongst the rest. They are the charmin'est cre'ters in the world, sir, but they don't never know their own minds. Well, sir, and how long will you want me?"

Without replying directly, the gentleman said: "'Tis thirteen miles to L—; do you know the road?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly; have tramped it more than once."

"When there, you will be dismissed. The carriage belongs there. You can then go on your way."

"And the driver who brings it here?" asked Pat, "what comes of him?"

"That driver will be myself. I shall have something else to do when I go back. You understand?"

"Yes, sir, all right—never trust two when one will do."

"Yes. I see you take me. Obey orders, and your pay shall be such as shall satisfy you, of which I give you this as earnest-money."

"Thank you, sir," said Pat, rejecting it; "I'll be paid when the job's done, if you please."

"Well, that's honest. I feel sure of you. A quarter before nine to-morrow evening;" and he disappeared into the wood, leaving Pat in a musing posture, nibbling the head of his staff. After some moments he struck it to the ground, and exclaimed:

"Well, it's a risky business, but I'll do it!"

Jessie had a subject of more serious thought. Defeated in her purpose of returning the tablet to the pedlar, with a proper rebuke for his conduct, she sought a retired seat in the garden, to review the matter calmly. In doing so, she recollected his having written in the tablet, and she referred to it in the expectation of farther light. She found nothing intelligible; but on the slip of paper he had inserted as a mark was the following:

The keel to the wave, the hand to the oar,  
And the boat to the maiden that sits on the shore.

The dim, vague hope suggested by the first address of the pedlar, but rejected by her better sense, and then frowned down by her displeasure, at these words revived irrefragably. Read and re-read, at every instant it gained confirmation.

"What could they be but a token, an assurance, from the only person who knew of their interview, and the real significance of this allusion to the boat? And who could that person be but Cyril? Who but he could furnish such a credential?" But again: "Could he, would he, ask her thus to meet him?"

Her heart beat the response. "Her earnest

prohibition against entering the house would naturally prevent his now attempting it. If he asked a meeting under such circumstances, it must be for reasons that would justify it. It was the last thing he would do, unless compelled."

Her own dislike to a violation of decorum rose in opposition.

"How could she, alone, in the shade of evening, unauthorised by the permission or even knowledge of the friends who had the right to direct her, go at the call of one who—she could not deny it—might prove a person unworthy of the confidence? What shall I do? what shall I do?"

A summons to tea found the question unanswered. As she entered the house she met Henry, attended by his dogs, jumping and barking around him with noisy delight at his sporting preparations, in which they understood their co-partnership.

"Ah! Jessie, well met. I have been looking the house over for you, to say good-bye. Net, however," in answer to her look of inquiry, "not for very long. I am going down to young Pearson's to-night. We start early in the morning for a shooting ramble of a day or two. I take my dogs, for I cannot trust his."

"You don't take Leo, I hope."

"No, of course not," said he, laughing; "he would be rather more plague than profit. But why do you ask? Not from fear?"

"Oh no, there's nothing to be afraid of. But of late I'm not so profound a sleeper as usual; and I like to hear the old fellow going his rounds of a night, talking to the moon, or challenging the neighbour dogs. It is companionship, and, when wakeful, 'tis quite agreeable."

"Pshaw!" said Harry, with an impatient gesture, "here's that confounded pistol. I have been showing it to Pearson and forgot to put it away. I must run upstairs with it at once. Excuse me; I have not a minute to spare."

"Give it to me; I'll take care of it for you."

"Will you? that's very kind. I would not trouble you, but Pearson's waiting for me. But take care; the charge is not drawn. You're not afraid?"

"No, indeed! thanks to your instruction."

"Well, good-night." But, holding her hand, he lingered a moment.

"Give me credit, Jessie. Only once have I spoken to her! and that once," with a sort of shudder, "what was it?"

"I don't know about the pleasure of speaking," said Jessie laughing, "if that is its effects."

"Ah! you do not know how much harder silence is than all things else—how should you? But one of these days, my fair insensible cousin! Good-night!"

"One of these days!" thought Jessie, and she went to her room, where relieving herself of hat, shawl, and pistol, she descended to the parlour.

Much to her satisfaction, her grandfather showed no trace of the irritation the pedlar had excited. On the contrary, he was kinder than usual of late.

"Jessie," said he, "this evening we'll have cards, and you shall choose. Dummy, or piquet, or cribbage;" and the evening passed off pleasantly.

Jessie retired, but not to sleep.

"Even the loveliest things are often dimmed and distorted here," said Jessie. "'Tis only in Heaven that they are perfect. So even with our affections." And again her troubled mind debated with itself, "What should she do?"

She regretted now that she had not consulted with Henry. She knew she could trust him, that he would have remained at home if she desired it, would have watched over her safety if necessary.

"But then, how make partial disclosures to him? and, still more difficult, how tell all? No, it could not be."

"Then, naturally courageous except when assailed by fears of things unreal, she thought,

"what could harm me here, within our own bounds?"

In this conflict with herself, at one moment renouncing the idea, at another incapable of so doing, she suddenly reflected:

"He has just returned from London; he has seen mamma; he said he should. He brings me a message from her! Oh, yes, it must be so! and then I must, I ought to see him!"

Poor Jessie was not, indeed, infallible. But she was little more than "sweet seventeen," and she was in love—when imagination silences reason, and ingenuity puzzles prudence. Ye pretty ones! pity, but do not imitate her.

Having decided, she nerved herself against further scruples. The clock struck eleven, and rising, she went for the light left in the adjoining room. As she approached the table a strange creaking noise arrested her attention. Surprised, but not frightened, she listened with a quickened sense.

Her fear now awakened, she looked anxiously around, not knowing from what quarter to expect its confirmation, when, her eye resting on the large dark wardrobe, she perceived, with increasing alarm, one of its ponderous doors ajar. Presently a man's head and body were protruded. She did not shriek. The instinct of self-preservation was stronger than fear; but, putting her hand on the pistol which lay on the table by her side, she raised it and directed it against the intruder.

"For the Lord's sake, miss!" exclaimed the voice of the pedlar, "don't fire. I won't hurt a hair of your head. It's only me—only Pat O'Shane!"

This information did not convey the same assurance to Jessie that it might to others. His strange reappearance oversetting all the conclusions she had just arrived at, while he might be supposed the accredited agent of Cyril, the thought instantly occurred to her that his visit by day had only been a stratagem to ascertain how best to make a felonious attempt at night.

She lowered her weapon, however, but looked at him with all the sternness of which her face was capable, saying, resolutely:

"How dare you to conceal yourself here? Begone instantly, or I shall alarm the family."

"Why, what a heroine you be!" said he; "but it's not quite allowable though, to shoot a man before you challenge him. Not so much as 'Who goes there?' and pop! I'd like to have been a dead man in no time."

"Silence!" said Jessie, imperatively, "and begone!"

"I can't go yet," said Pat, shaking himself very composedly, and speaking rather low; "that place has made me so stiff, crumpled up for two hours as I have been, that I can't move just at present. But don't be feared. I see you are, though you do behave like Judith and Holofernes. I want you to know that I come only as a friend; do just believe this, and be easy, and let me tell you so'thin' for your own good. So, no offence, I'll sit down, but just as far off as you please; my lame leg is so cramped, bein' crammed like a bundle of rags in that 'ere what y' call it, that I can't stand."

Without permission granted, he seated himself at a respectful distance. Jessie, upon this, retreating still farther, he ventured a nearer move; when, mistaking his meaning, she again raised the pistol.

"Hold miss! not so fast! Unless you put down that popgun of yours, I shan't apake at all, and that would be your loss, not mine. I only want to come near enough to spake without raisin' the ruff. Now, I tell you, on the honour of an old soldier, and, if that don't suit you, on the faith of a Christian, that I come for your good, and you'll rue the day if you don't hear me. I'll swear it, if you chose, on that 'ere Bible. It concerns that message I brought you this very mornin'."

The unmistakable earnestness and frankness of the man, together with this last intimation, inspired her with confidence.

"I will hear you," said she; "be quick; but remain where you are."

Then, taking a chair herself, at what she

deemed a safe distance, but still retaining the weapon, she waited for his communication.

Pat cast a comical glance from his oblique eye at the pistol.

"I think, miss, you better not play much with that 'ere artillery. It's loaded, you know; and, bein' pinte'd this way, it rayther chokes me. It's like speakin' with a knife at one's throat."

Jessie did not condescend to reply, but, looking grand, waved her hand for him to proceed.

"Well, you see, miss, I'm a little giv'n to do what the sailors call 'spinnin' a long yarn.' Can't, therefor, be so very quick, as you say, but 'll try to accommodate. Now, it a'n't that I would stand about helpin' a young lady out of a window, or into a coach, if so be that her sperrit was up t'it, and if 'twas the right man. But this 'ere, maybe puttin' the saddle on the wrong horse, I can't no way agree to."

Jessie looked in wonder and indignation.

"What do you mean?" she said, angrily. "What has this impertinence to do with your message to me?"

"Considerable," replied he, with a significant nod. Then, speaking earnestly: "Now, do, do, my pretty young miss, let me go on in my own way. If I'm mind'in my manners all the time, you'll never get to the end. And, to begin, I must make bold to ax you one question. What kind of a person might you be expectin' to meet at that 'ere place to-morrow night? Any partic'lar one?" he added, with a smile.

The delicacy of Jessie shrunk from confidence on such a subject with such a person; yet, conscience convicting her of the very purpose hinted at, however offensive it sounded when thus stated, she could not speak, but was doubled and confused.

(To be Continued.)

## THE BARONESS OF THE ISLES.

### CHAPTER I.

THE time was a morning in early spring in the year 1249.

The scene was the Isle of Man—that strange and still little known rock which lies in St. George's Channel like a grim watch-dog sullenly guarding the coast of England.

Along the road which skirts the southern shore of the island, a gay cavalcade was advancing slowly to the westward. The accoutrements of armed knights would have indicated at a glance the "olden time"—an age when beauty was safe only under the protection of valour, and when peace was visible only among those who were in readiness for war.

The little cavalcade we have mentioned may have numbered twenty persons, the majority of whom were mounted.

At the head of the joyous procession rode a youth and maiden, both richly apparelled, and both evidently belonging to the class of nobles.

He was the knight Ivar, scarcely two-and-twenty years of age, with a bronzed complexion, handsome features, keen dark eyes, and firm set smiling mouth—a princely youth with the air of one born to command. He wore a burnished helmet upon his uplifted head, and a waistcoat of fine and flexible chain armour over his silken doublet.

She was the Lady Matilda, only eighteen, with a splendour of loveliness, a rare and radiant beauty beyond description. Fair as the morning, brilliant as the sunlight, tender and gentle, soft and sweet, she was a fitting shrine for a knight's devoirs, a fitting object of his worship.

They rode side by side, he mounted upon a powerful jet-black horse, she riding a snow-white steed.

The cavalcade consisted of their separate trains of retainers, most of them valiant men

used to battle, for there had been troublous days of late.

But they were bound upon no warlike expedition now. Those grim faces wreathed with unwonted smiles and softness contemplated the young pair at their head with pride and affectionate interest. For the knight Ivar and the Lady Matilda were on their way to Castle Rushen to ask the consent of King Reginald to their marriage—such consent being required by the customs of the time and country.

There had been a little silence between the young pair as they crossed a rude bridge over a ravine and threaded a narrow pass between two hills, but as the towers of the king's castle stood out distinctly upon the vision, seeming startlingly near, the Lady Matilda looked shyly up into the face of the knight and gave expression to certain anxieties that began to press heavily upon her.

"I dread to meet the king, Ivar," she said. "I have heard strange tales of him. They say he differs greatly from the late good King Harold, his brother, and also from his younger brother Prince Magnus. They say he is cruel and treacherous, and that he knows no sense of honour, no principle beyond the dictates of his own will and caprices. Suppose that he should refuse to consent to our marriage?"

"Impossible," declared the young knight, cheerfully. "It is the custom to ask the king's consent, but it is a mere formality, and he never refused his consent to anyone. Certainly he would not refuse it to us."

With banners flying, the procession advanced towards Castle Rushen, from whose towers flags were waving. As they neared the royal residence, the messenger whom they had sent on before them rode out to meet them, and informed the knight Ivar that King Reginald would give them audience immediately.

The visitors rode on now at quicker pace, and swept in at the open gates of the castle and dismounted at the chief entrance. A chamberlain came forth to meet them and conducted the knight and the lady into the great entrance hall, the maiden aunt and the maids of Lady Matilda keeping close behind her, but the majority of the train of followers remaining in the open court.

A second chamberlain ushered the young pair into an inner chamber, which was known as the Hall of Audience.

This was a grand and stately apartment, of great length, with lofty, wainscoted walls and narrow, slit-like windows, with massive carved beams supporting the ceiling of finely-grained woods. The floor was of dark and polished oak, slippery as glass. The furniture was of oak also, exquisitely carved, and consisted of tables and settles, with skins of wild beasts laid before them to serve as rugs.

The upper end of the apartment was raised above the remainder and reached by a flight of three steps. Upon this dais, which was in itself a large room, were spread rugs of finer and costlier skins than those exhibited below.

A great carved oaken chair, with high and pointed back, which was surmounted by a crown cut in the wood, was set in the midst of the dais.

Upon this chair, which was his throne, was seated King Reginald.

Grouped around him, at respectful distance and in the background, were a dozen courtiers.

The king was middle-aged, fair of face and large of build, betraying in his features his Norwegian ancestry. He had not the personal dignity of his father, King Clave, who had been revered by his subjects, nor had he the gracious bearing of his father's immediate successor, his brother Harold, who had been adored by his people; but he was gay and debonaire, brave and handsome, generous to those whom he liked, and of a kindly disposition, save when his wishes were crossed.

As the Lady Matilda had intimated, however, stories were told of his capabilities for cruelty and treachery that were sadly at variance with his outward seeming. He had rewarded small offences with great and terrible revenges. Many acts of injustice and wrong had marked his



reign. In truth, his own will was his law—the only law he recognised.

The chamberlain conducted the visitors to the foot of the dais, and presented to the king first the Lady Matilda, then the knight Ivar.

King Reginald regarded the young pair with a complacent smile, but his face changed and his glance kindled as it rested upon the splendid beauty of the fair young maiden.

"We are come, your majesty," said the knight Ivar, in a rich, manly voice, when the king had demanded his errand, "to ask, as loyal subjects, and as in duty bound, your gracious consent to our marriage."

"Something of this the good priest whom you sent as your messenger has said to me," said the king, his gaze dwelling upon the supple, slender figure and blushing, downcast face of the maiden. "Your face, good Ivar, is not unknown at our court. It has been seen often in the train of our brother, Prince Magnus. And so you are the suitor of this lady. Before we grant our consent, it will be well to understand who and what we are to betroth. The lady is a stranger at our court. Who is she? What is her station?"

"Your majesty," said the chamberlain, bowing low, "this is the Lady Matilda, the orphan daughter of the knight Godred, the heiress of his estates, the owner of Castle Grand. She is the greatest heiress in Man. Her father was the most trusted counsellor, the bravest warrior and truest friend of the late King Olave!"

"A right noble lady," said the king. "How is it that we have never seen your face before, Lady Matilda? A face and form like yours would grace our court."

"My father died five years ago, your majesty," said the maiden, "and my mother died two years since. I have lived at Castle Grand in the utmost seclusion, under the guardianship of the Lady Godiva, the sister of my father, the noble lady who has accompanied me hither."

The Lady Godiva, a stately maiden of advanced age, courtesied to the monarch, as his careless glance was diverted towards her.

"We knew," said the king, gallantly, "that the great and noble knight Godred had left an heiress, but we did not know what treasure the grim walls of Castle Grand held prisoner. Of noble lineage, second only to royalty itself, with surpassing beauty, grace and intelligence, possessed of a princely home and handsome revenues, the Lady Matilda is a prize worthy a king's wooing. Good Ivar, what alliance do you offer to this noble lady?"

"A spotless name, your majesty," said the young knight, modestly, "an unstained honour, an adoring affection!"

"Surely that is not all?" exclaimed the king, arching his brows. "Can you match her lineage?"

"I am the son of the knight Ranulph, your majesty, one of the noblest of our subjects."

"His son? His son and heir?"

The youth flushed slightly and a cloud, which the king was quick to note, settled upon his face.

"I am not his heir, your majesty," he said, bravely, after a moment's hesitation.

"And why not? Is there an elder son?"

"No, your majesty, I am his only son," said the young knight; "and I am his only son by adoption."

"Ah!" said the king. "Give me, then, your lineage. What was your birth? What are your real connections? Let us see if you are worthy to mate with the daughter of the noble Godred."

The youth's face flushed yet more hotly, but he responded calmly:

"May it please your majesty, I have no honours to boast of save those I have myself won by my good sword and brain. I do not know my name and lineage."

"How? Not know your name and lineage? And you a suitor for the noblest, richest lady of our realm? Why, this is strange."

The lips of the king curled in a sneer, which was reflected on the faces of his courtiers.

The young knight's dark eyes flashed, but

he controlled himself with a stern and powerful effort.

"Your majesty," he said, quietly, "the Lady Matilda has long known my history, so far as it is known to myself. She is satisfied to take me as I am."

"As you are? What are you? What is your history? Speak out, good Ivar. This maiden is fatherless. It behoves me, her king, to watch over her interests, for young ladies think only of handsome faces and tender voices. Are you a relative of Ranulph?"

"No, your majesty. I am a waif of the sea," said the youth, with a reluctant frankness. "Twenty-one years ago I was found—an infant then of a single twelvemonth—floating at sea, lashed to a spar."

"Twenty-one years ago! About the time that our brother Harold was wrecked upon his return to Man with his young and beautiful bride, an English earl's daughter, when they lost one-half their noble train," observed the king. "And who picked you up, good Ivar?"

"Some fishermen, who had been driven out to sea, in their smack, your majesty—fishermen who belonged upon the estate of the knight Ranulph. There had been a frightful storm upon the previous night, a gale the most terrible they had known for years. And when morning came and the sun rose, they saw a spar riding the long swells—a spar with a child lashed to it. The child was nearly dead from exposure and exhaustion. They secured me and brought me to the home of one of their number. Ranulph was informed of their recovery of a child who had been found at sea. He had lost his family, and was feeble and ill. He knew nothing of what transpired in the great world, but it pleased him to send for the little waif and finally to adopt it as his son. I am that child; my liege—the sole survivor of some awful wreck and storm which swept into eternity my nearest kindred!"

"Aromantic story," said the king, his lips curling. "Perhaps your father was a fisher also?"

"It may be so," said our hero, calmly. "But it is for myself the Lady Matilda has accepted my homage."

"You have no estates to offer her? No castle over which to instal her as mistress? No band of retainers? No handsome revenue?"

"None of these, your majesty. I have only my knighthood—conferred upon me by King Henry of England for saving his life in a hunt at the risk of my own, and my unsullied honour, to lay at her feet. But I love her, and she has deigned to accept my suit. The Lady Godiva and the knight Ranulph—now a helpless invalid—have given their consent to our marriage. We crave your majesty's consent also."

"Our consent cannot be lightly given in a matter so important as this," said the king, gravely. "We must have time to think upon this subject. The Lady Matilda has ridden far this morning, and must be fatigued. Remain to dine with us. Afterward you shall know our decision."

The invitation was also a command. The monarch motioned to a chamberlain, and said:

"Show the Lady Matilda and her noble aunt and maids to suitable apartments. Tancred. Send some one to show the knight Ivar to a chamber. Let all hospitality be shown to their attendants."

The chamberlain moved away, followed by the ladies and the knight.

When they had disappeared the king dismissed his courtiers with a gesture. Left alone, he arose and walked to and fro the dais, his kingly robes trailing, his fair face dark with passion, his blue eyes all alight with baleful fires.

He muttered: "The Lady Matilda is the fairest creature these eyes ever saw! She has inflamed my very soul! She to marry this nameless Ivar? Never! I myself will enter the lists as her suitor. I will win her—make her my queen! By my troth, I never saw a being I could really love before, though I have

never had a weakness for women. She shall be mine—mine in honourable marriage. There have been murmurings of late among the people. They prate of my revered father—of the good Harold who perished so miserably two years ago. I have sat upon this throne for only two years, and if my daughter were to die, Magnus—Magnus the Good"—and he sneered—"would most likely succeed me. What if I were to furnish new obstacles to the ambition of my brother Magnus?"

His eyes flashed yet more balefully. He set his lips together in a hard and cruel expression.

"The people prate of my good predecessors," he resumed, "and compare me with them to my disadvantage. They talk of my debaucheries. They murmur at my habits of living. They call me profligate, intent on my own ends, selfish, even base. But if I marry the daughter of the noble Godred I shall strengthen myself with my subjects. They will forgive my past and adore me. Her wealth is not unworthy my notice. Her beauty inflames me. Yes, love and interest combine to impel me to this marriage. I will brush young Ivar aside from my path as if he were but an insect. Come! I have a brain for plotting. How shall I rid myself and the Lady Matilda of this youth? How shall I win her to myself?"

He knitted his brows fiercely together and considered the question which had completely taken possession of his soul.

(To be Continued.)

#### AUSTRALIAN FRUITS FOR ENGLAND.

A FINE display of fruits from Australia, principally pears and apples, with a few grapes, cherries, peaches, and other "stone fruits," has attracted considerable attention at the Paris Exhibition. Though inadvertently placed nearly at the bottom of the hold of the ship in which they were forwarded from Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide to London, and consequently subjected to considerable delay and to unnecessary risk of injury before they were finally transhipped and sent on to Paris, these fruits arrived in good condition, and their size and fine quality have excited the admiration of visitors from all parts of the world. This success has led to the proposal that the produce of the orchards and fruit gardens of the southern portion of the Empire should be more generally brought within reach of the less favoured lands in the north.

Already we have received large quantities of delicate fruits in a fresh state, as well as preserved in several ways, from the islands of the Atlantic and from the Far West, and occasional packages of fruit come from the Cape; but Australia has hitherto only been able to send us her more delicate produce in the shape of jams and preserves, and there are obstacles to the full development of this branch of trade. By taking proper advantage, however, of the facilities of transport now afforded by the quick steamers trading between Australia and England, both via the Cape and the Suez Canal, there is every probability that, with careful packing and judicious stowage, the choicest fruits of Australia and Tasmania, and of Fiji, as well as of South Africa, could be brought in perfection to adorn the dessert dishes of the old country.

**YELLOW FEVER IN AMERICA.**—Eighty-one deaths from yellow fever and 223 new cases are reported from New Orleans; at Memphis there were 100 interments, and the number of the sick was estimated at 3,000. It is stated that in the fever-stricken districts there are now 90,000 people without employment and destitute, for whose subsistence alone for fifty days a large sum will be required. A famine, it is believed, will certainly follow the fever.



[THE TIME OF NEED.]

## B A F F L E D.

It was summer time—that bright season when the flowers wake up and nod their arch faces in the face of the sun; when the birds begin to rejoice, and the fragrant, balmy winds blow back and forth over the earth; and when happy little children over all the land laugh aloud in the sunshine.

But in striking contrast to the flowing beauty all around was the pinched form of a poor, little barefooted girl who was walking up the garden path.

The farmhouse door was open.

The child gazed in with hungry eyes, but when Mrs. Halstead looked up and saw her she turned to go.

"Come back, my dear; you look as if you were hungry."

As if fascinated, the child drew near to the kind, motherly speaker.

"Oh, ma'am, please say it again!"

"Say what? Do you mean 'my dear'?"

"Yes, yes; that's what the pretty lady called her little girl when she came to our house. She said it ever so often, and oh! it sounded so nice."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Halstead, pityingly, "did no one ever call you so before? Where do you live?"

"I don't live anywhere now; I ran away from the poor-house, and—oh!"—here she almost cried as she cast a longing look toward the bountiful table—"I'm so hungry!"

The eagerness with which the almost starved child devoured the food set before her brought tears to good Mrs. Halstead's eyes, and a quick thought sprang suddenly into her mind.

When the little one had finished eating she drew her to her, and pushing the tangled hair back from the broad forehead, the kind woman said:

"What is your name?"

"Annie."

"Annie, you are alone and unhappy; I have no children; would you like to live with me?"

"With you!" the hazel eyes grew lustrous with a glad light. "Oh, may I?"

"Yes, if you wish. I had a little girl once, but she was taken away, and the father has always wanted me to adopt one in her place. So if you will be a good child, you shall stay."

Little Annie nestled close to Mrs. Halstead and looked up, her beautiful eyes full of the gratitude she could not express.

When Annie was dressed in the garments her little girl had worn, Mrs. Halstead led her to her husband, who was approaching the house.

All was quickly explained, and the old farmer said heartily:

"Perhaps the Lord has sent her, wife, to make up for little Bessie."

And thus it came to pass that the little waif that came to the farmhouse that summer day became known as sweet Annie Halstead, the fairest maiden in all the country round.

Years passed, and each one had brought more trouble to good Farmer Halstead; and one afternoon, as his wife met him at the door, she noticed with alarm his white face. Coming in, he sank wearily into his chair.

"It is no use, wife—the farm must go. Downley has lent all the money he can spare, and there is no other friend who can help me."

The tears sprang to his wife's eyes; it was hard to think of giving up the old home; but she said:

"Dear husband, don't despair. The Creator's ways are not our ways."

Just then a light form bounded into the room.

It was Annie, tall and graceful, her cheeks glowing, her eyes great, luminous wells of hazel light; out of their depths beamed forth the pure, maiden soul, which could stoop to no mean act, and was strong to do and dare for those she loved.

"Why, father, mother, what is it?" she asked, as she saw their emotion. All was soon told.

That evening Annie sat very silently by the window, looking sadly out over the familiar scene she feared they must leave before long, when a tap on the door broke the silence. It was opened by Mrs. Halstead, and a tall, fashionably dressed young man entered the room.

A flush tinged Annie's fair cheek with a deeper rose as she acknowledged his bow. His errand was soon told.

"I have heard," he said to Mr. Halstead, "that you wished to borrow a certain sum to-day, and failed to do so, and having an amount of money I want to invest, I have concluded to offer you the loan of it for two years."

A great hope sprang into the old farmer's face.

"Really, Mr. Egerton, this is very kind. I expected to pay off the mortgage last year, but the crops failed, and I feel that if I can only have a little more time, I may be able to save the farm. On what terms do you propose to make me this loan?"

"Simply this," replied Mr. Egerton, "that with the money I furnish you, you shall cancel the present mortgage and give me a new one, payable two years from this date."

"I will accept your kind offer, Mr. Egerton; and if things go as I hope with me, I shall thank you, sir, to the end of my days."

"Very well; I am glad to help you, Mr. Halstead. I will have the papers made out as soon as possible, for you to sign. Good evening."

"Annie, dear, are you not glad with us?" said her mother, as she noticed her daughter's silence.

"Mother, I wish it had been anyone but Mr. Egerton that had done us this kindness."

"Why, my daughter? Surely he is a very nice young man."

Annie did not reply, and was soon moving quickly about her duties; but the flush which had arisen to her face at Mr. Egerton's entrance did not entirely die away.

Hugh Egerton was the son of the wealthiest gentleman of the village, and although Annie had never spoken much about him to her parents, she had seen a good deal of him, and whenever she had met him he had been markedly attentive.

But the girl had intuitively felt that underneath the varnish of refinement his nature was essentially a coarse one.

The papers were signed, and things went on as usual, until one afternoon, as Annie was walking through a meadow, taking a short cut to the farm, a gentleman approached her.

It was Hugh Egerton, and as he lifted his hat, his eyes dwelt with admiration upon the lovely, drooping face before him.

"Miss Annie," he said, "I was looking for you. I thought I might meet you."

"Indeed, Mr. Egerton."

The young girl's form seemed to grow taller, as she looked up bravely into his face, for she knew and dreaded what was coming.

She was not mistaken.



He began, never doubting what answer he should receive:

"Annie, I am going to ask you to fill the proudest place in the country—in other words, to be my bride, and Mrs. Egerton of Egerton Hall."

Involuntarily a smile sprang to Annie's lips.

She had judged him rightly, and as she saw what a veritable coxcomb he was, the fear of giving him pain, which had made her dread this interview, which she had long recognised as inevitable, lessened somewhat.

Not noticing the expression on her face, he went on:

"People may think it strange that I should choose as my bride one of whose parents little is known; but you will not, my dear, when I tell you that when I first saw your pretty face I made up my mind that you should be my wife."

"Stop, Mr. Egerton! Go no further! I cannot be your wife!"

"Cannot? What is there to forbid?"

"Because," slowly replied Annie, "I do not love you."

The dark blood flew to his face.

"Not so fast, my lady. You must not think a girl taken from the almshouse, out of charity, shall refuse me! You know I hold the mortgage on your father's farm. Let me tell you that if you are my wife when the time expires, I shall never ask a penny; if you are not, I will demand the utmost farthing. I know a good deal about Mr. Halstead's business, and I know there isn't much chance of his paying it. What will you do then?"

The last kindly feeling died out of Annie's heart, as the baseness of his motive in aiding her father flashed upon her, and, in indignant tones, she exclaimed:

"Marry you! Mr. Egerton, I would die first! You have only confirmed what has already been my opinion of you."

With a haughty stride Hugh Egerton left her, and Annie turned a heavy heart towards home.

She felt that she had done what was right, but she shuddered to think what base hands her dear father was in, and she knew what he said might be only too true, for times were still hard.

So Annie made up her mind to become a teacher, and got a situation in the Lowell High School.

She found her position was no sinecure—to instruct girls, some of them only a few years younger than herself! but her beauty and grace won them from the start, and when they found how gently and yet firmly she governed them, and how interesting she made even the driest studies, they voted her "perfectly splendid."

Months passed.

At the holidays and vacations Annie went home to the old people, who looked for her coming with glad, welcoming hearts.

She did not meet Hugh Egerton, as before he had heard of her becoming a teacher he had started off on a continental trip.

The principal of the high school was named Mr. Elting; he was a grave, scholarly man. After a time Annie began to notice how his indifferent, rather haughty face always lighted up when in her society. Ralph Elting was not a lady's man.

Although polite and courteous, he always held himself aloof, and had gained the reputation of being entirely indifferent to the fair sex.

But before long even the teachers began to remark the change which had come over him. Annie could not help seeing what was so patent to all, but the knowledge did not distress her, as Hugh Egerton's love had, for she recognised Mr. Elting's noble, kingly nature, and the more she knew him the more fervently she grew to love the proud, reserved man.

One afternoon, after school hours, Mr. Elting invited Annie to take a drive.

He drove rapidly for a while, but once out of the city's bounds he checked the horse's pace, and turning, looked with tender meaning into

the sweet face beside him. Then, almost abruptly, he spoke:

"Miss Halstead, it may be sudden—for we have not known each other long—but I must tell you that I love you, with the love a man gives but once in a lifetime. Can I hope it is not in vain?"

Then Annie told him that the girl he was asking to be his wife had been taken from an almshouse, out of charity, and knew not even who her parents were.

Her face blanched as she spoke, for she remembered Hugh Egerton's tone of contempt as he had alluded to her early life, and she had heard of Ralph Elting's pride of family and name.

When she paused, Ralph drew her close to him, and in tender, ardent tones exclaimed:

"Annie, what is a name? In giving me your sweet self, you make me a king among men!"

They were betrothed, and Annie wrote of her happiness to her parents; but she still kept her position, until one bright summer day she spoke the last "good-bye," to her fellow-teachers, and the evening saw her once more with her dear parents in the old farmhouse.

Then she told them for the first time of Hugh Egerton's offer, and the penalty he had fixed for not complying with it.

"The cowardly rascal!" exclaimed Mr. Halstead. "Now I see why he was so willing to lend me that money. But, Annie, I hate to take your earnings in this way—" His mouth was playfully stopped by a soft hand, while Annie said:

"You took me, a poor, neglected little child, into your home, and now you begrudge me the happiness of partly paying the debt I owe to you and my dear mother."

The next Wednesday was the day that at one time had been so dreaded, and after helping her mother with the morning duties, Annie ran out into the garden to gather a few of its floral treasures.

She was singing merrily all to herself, when she felt a touch upon her arm.

Looking up she met Hugh Egerton face to face.

"Good morning, Miss Annie. You seem very happy, if your merry song is a true sign."

"I am, thank you. Did you enjoy your trip, Mr. Egerton?"

"Yes, but the time passed too slowly. I longed to return. Do you know, Miss Annie," he continued, eagerly, "that to-day is the day I was to have a final answer?" He waited a little, and as she did not speak, went on: "The Hall is in splendid order now, and only needs a mistress, and I know you must have repented your hasty words."

Drawing herself up haughtily, Annie met his bold eyes.

"Mr. Egerton, I repeat what I once said—I will never be your wife!"

With a fierce look he turned and entered the house.

There, awaiting his approach, was Mr. Halstead.

"I have called," said Egerton, in a tone of suppressed anger, "for the payment of that mortgage."

"Be seated, sir, please," the old farmer said, in a tone of grave politeness. "Here is the amount. If you will count it, I think you will find it correct."

Hugh Egerton walked homeward that morning, a sadder, and, perhaps, a wiser man.

Before long, the old farmhouse was the scene of great rejoicing, and Ralph Elting, to please Annie, gave up his position in the city, which he had really no need of keeping, and buying a small place near the Halstead farm, settled down there with his fondly loved bride. R. H.

WHEN a married couple are one, their success is pretty sure to be won too; when they are two, the chances are two to one that their affairs will be all at sixes and sevens.

## THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

FLORIST'S flowers never lack admirers, and the cultivators of them will not cease from the land. These flowers, however, are despised by the shallow zealots who put the garden into competition with the hedgerow, and insist that thistles and briars shall lean against the windows of the dwelling. In a majority of instances florists' flowers constitute the finest furniture of the hardy garden such as it should be from our point of view—a repertory of vegetable splendours arranged to mutually aid each other in the display of their several characteristic features. The pansies, pinks, penstemons, anemones, ranunculus, polyanthus, and pyrethrums, have their special uses and attractions for the florist as well as for the collector of hardy plants, and in their way are as respectable as roses, gladioli, and pelargoniums, which we do not intend to run down in the vain hope of thereby enhancing the value of good honest border flowers.

A few dozen auriculas may be grown in a frame in a back yard where there is neither room nor air for the decent growth of a score of good border plants. And that is one good reason why artisans in towns take to floriculture, for not only do they thereby secure beautiful flowers in their season, but the critical study of varieties grows into a passion that pervades the whole life to the direct advantage of the man possessing it. The want of a hobby is the ruin of thousands, and we cannot, as citizens, afford to frown upon any hobby that is in its essence innocent, and that carries its votary into the large regions of the world of life and beauty.

To intimate in any way that floriculture is a frivolous pursuit is unworthy even of the man whose head is crammed with the names of weeds sufficient to constitute a new creation. The collectors and cultivators of hardy plants are broader in their sympathies than their apostles and prophets represent them, for actual cultivation in good things is more beneficial than even writing about them; it enlarges the capacity of appreciation, and quickens the perception of universal beauty. We do not need to contract but rather to enlarge, our sphere of observation and interest; and the increasing favour in which hardy plants are held affords a guarantee that plants of other kinds, in so far as they have claims upon our admiration, will be more and more admired and cultivated, and that thus floriculture will in a certain sense increase in comprehensiveness and engage the attention of all sorts and conditions of men.

## THE CHARACTER OF IRISHMEN.

As the Irish are the most communicative race in the world, and none are more full of pleasantry than the people of Dublin, you will not have arrived on the quays ten minutes without discovering much about them. Your carman you will find cannot be morose or silent, and after breaking the ice by telling you the jaunting-car was made for conversation and the "cimintin" of frindship will dash off a description of his countrymen something like that given by Lady Morgan's sister:—

We're swarming alive  
Like bees in a hive,  
With talent and ganius and beautiful  
Ladies,  
We've a duke in Kildare  
And a Donnybrook Fair,  
And if that wouldn't plaze yez, why  
nothing would plaze yez.  
We've poets in plenty,  
But not one in twenty  
Will stay in Ould Ireland to kepe it  
from sinking.  
They say they can't live  
Where there's nothing to give.  
Och! what business have poets with  
'atin' and drinkin'.

If you come provided with letters of introduction you will have every opportunity afforded you of mixing in a society ever mirthful, and in which no rooted sorrow can show itself. You will find, then, that this people is ardent for information, poetical of their imagination, unrivalled in humour, always, even under the shadow of despair, sanguine, tender in their sympathies, constant in their attachments, tenacious of respect, and urbane and gracious, even when they are in the depths of poverty.

Such a country for growing you ne'er  
did behold,  
We get rich when we're poor; we grow  
hot when we're cold;  
And the girls say that bashfulness  
makes us grow bold,  
We always grow young, but we never  
grow old.

The greatest charms of all are the simplicity, the kindheartedness, and the education of the citizens. More than any other race Irishmen are cosmopolitans in thought as well as speech, and there is no political subject in which they do not take a warm interest, no new book about which most of them will not know something. There is little or none of that aptitude for business which makes English cities so full of merchant princes, but if Dubliners have this failing they have ambition in other respects. They love learning, and cultivate generosity and charity towards all the world. These qualities make them especially respected by their employes, and indeed one can infer that wealthy men would be abundant if there really was money in the country to allow it to be possible.

It is true you will not see splendid horses and equipages in the streets in anything like the profusion visible in London, for the greater portion of the nobility, small a circle as they are, reside at the seaside suburbs which encompass Dublin, or on their estates in the country, and the large upper section of the middle class who live in the squares do not, as a rule, keep carriages, but prefer the jolting of the cars. Such luxuries as hired broughams, or a four-in-hand, are next to unknown in Dublin.

#### THE REGISTRATIONS.

THE revising barristers have commenced to hold their courts to revise the list of voters for the election of Members of Parliament, and a new provision contained in an Act passed in the late session takes effect. Hitherto persons who let their houses furnished were deemed to be disqualified from exercising the franchise. It is, however, provided by the new Act that every man shall be entitled to be registered and to vote under the third section of the Reform Act, 1867, notwithstanding that during a part of the qualifying period, not exceeding four months in the whole, he shall, by letting or otherwise, have permitted the qualifying premises to be occupied as a furnished house by some other person. The courts are appointed to sit between September 15 and October 31, and each revising barrister has a fee of 200 guineas.

#### THE LATE QUEEN MERCEDES.

THE King of Spain has decided on having an immense basilica raised over the remains of Queen Mercedes. A sum of 1,000,000 reals will annually be deducted from the Civil List for its construction till the building is complete. The Duc de Montpensier and the Princess of the Asturias have promised to furnish yearly 200,000 reals in aid of the work. Lastly, the Duc de Montpensier has brought to Paris with him a letter from the King to Queen Isabella asking her to join in the project by handing over for the purpose the diamonds and jewels deposited in the Cathedral of Atocha which belong to her, and represent a sum of 15,000,000 reals—more than 3,000,000*l.* The Queen at once telegraphed as follows in reply:

"My son, the Duc de Montpensier has just brought me your letter. I see that, like a Catholic King and a gentleman, you seek consolation in Him, and think of Mercedes in doing good to the capital. You are going to place her beloved remains at the feet of the Virgin beneath a magnificent temple. Your mother, my child, not only permits the jewels of Atocha to be sold, but she blesses you and joins in your project—a project worthy of a King, a Christian, and a good husband. For this and everything count always, Alphonse, on the immense love, the support, and co-operation of your mother, who wishes it to be known that, although at a distance, she is and always will be the same for Madrid, for Spain, and for her King."

#### FACETIÆ.

##### A GOOD MICHAELMAS JOKE.

GOOSE: "I say, mister, are you in good condition for quarter-day?" —Fun.

##### A KIND WISH.

INEBRIATE (to friend who is helping him home): "Thansh, o' boy, awfully 'blig'; hope may have the o-op-op-ortunt'y do shame for you shome day." —Fun.

##### SOMETHING IN THAT.

POOR little Tom Harduppe says he always gives Mrs. H. her own way, because it is the only thing he has to give her. —Judy.

##### FILLING A VACANCY.

MATHEW O'FLAHERTY: "Good mornin', yer honour, an' might Oi ask a favour of ye this mornin'?"

SQUIRE (log.): "Well, Flaherty, what is it now?"

M. O'F.: "Och, yer honour, I thought I'd make so bould as to ask you to make a postboy of my ould sister Mary." —Fun.

##### STRANGE!

MISS FLINTINGTON says she has one ardent admirer who is so awfully hard up that he cannot even pay his addresses to her. —Judy.

##### ODE TO A SNOB.

TELL me why I love you dearly,

Tell me truly, dearest, do;

Pray be demonstrating clearly

What may cause my love for you

For in you I fail in spying

(Though to say it I am loth)

Aught my passion justifying,

Moral, physical, or both.

If it cannot be all owing

To your tales about a yacht,

Can it be your chronic showing

Of the noble friends you've got?

If it isn't "going yachting"

Or development of brain,

Can it be result of spotting

Two large lockets on your chain?

If it cannot be your breeding

Or your ardent love of truth,

Can it, can it be proceeding

From your cuffs, oh, scented youth?

If it cannot be prophetic

Bodings of your future grace,

Can it be the hot cosmetic

Often coursing down your face?

If it cannot be the leaven

Of your artless, sweet conceit,

Can it be the six or seven

Rings upon your fingers neat?

No; I have it now, by Cupid!

What induced me you to choose

Was the idiotic, stupid

Pretty buckles on your shoes! —Fun.

AN Infallible "Ready Reckoner"—the Bankruptcy Court. —Judy.

##### OH! OH!

IN most countries the field-labourer is the happy peasant. In Kent he is the Hoppy Peasant. —Punch.

##### HE COULDN'T SAY.

"Is your master at home?" asked a gentleman of a servant.

"No, sir."

"When will he be in?"

"Can't say, sir. When he sends me down to say he's out, I can never be sure when he'll be ready to have me say he's in."

##### MUCH ALIKE.

AN awkward man lately stumbled and fell, and a lady said:

"I regret his faux pas (pronounced foe pah) very much."

To which he, having overheard her, responded:

"I didn't hurt my fore paw, but my knee."

##### OF COURSE.

"It is a singular fact," says a mental philosopher, "and shows a peculiar operation of the human mind, that when two men exchange hats, the one who gets the poorer of the two hats is the first to find it out."

QUESTION.—Is the native widow of a deceased nabob an India-vidual? —Punch.

STARTLING instance of identity between two popular plays.—The "Porter's Knot" is "Oliver Twist" (all of a twist). —Fun.

##### WELL TIMED.

PARSON: "Sorry to see you sleep so much in Church, Mrs. Barkins."

MRS. B.: "Sleep, sir! No, sir."

PARSON: "I'm sure you cannot tell me what my last sermon was about."

MRS. B.: "About, sir? Yes, sir, about half-an-hour too long!" —Fun.

##### BATHOS.

"OH! after many roving years

How sweet it is to come

To the dwelling-place of early youth,"

And to find placards in the windows and on the gates telling you that the house is, in the words of the Poet Laureate:

To-o let, to-o let,

You cannot enter now! —Fun.

##### A TOXOPHILITE.

"WELL, I declare it's as good as being at an Archery meeting," said a fair turfite, who is also a punster, after one of those day's successes which usually attend a certain young and popular jockey. —Fun.

YOUNG ladies, when the question is popped, should endeavour to detect a peculiar ring in the man's voice, which is never absent if he is honourable and sincere. Of course, we allude to the wedding-ring. —Fun.

##### CHRISTIAN PAGANISM.

IT has not hitherto met with the attention which such an anomaly deserves, that the Pope grounds his claims to pre-eminence on his direct descent from Jupiter (Jew Peter). —Fun.

##### TO REVISIONISTS.

IT is suggested that, having regard to their distinctive peculiarities, the entities now known as elephant and butterfly would be better represented by the names "heavy clump" and "flutter-by." —Fun.

"Does your wife play whist?" asked one gentleman of another at a party. "No; but she plays a strong hand at poker," answered the gentleman, significantly rubbing the back of his head.

"YES, I know," said a seedy genius, "that Wolsey told Cromwell to 'fling away ambition,' and that Cromwell did fling it away, and I wish I knew where he flung it, so I could pick it up."

##### GOOD ADVICE.

"WHAT is the best remedy for an inattentive audience?" asked a young clergyman of an old doctor of divinity.

"Give them something to attend to," was the curt reply.



## WICKED OLD MAN.

PASTOR: "You know, William, what a deal you have to be thankful for; you are blessed with health and strength, plenty of good things to eat, warm clothes, and a comfortable home to live in."

BLITHESOME PEASANT: "Werry true, sir, but do you know sometimes I can't 'elp thinkin' as 'ow I 'as it all took out ag'in in corns!"

—Judy.

## THE WORD AND THE SPIRIT.

MRS. GUSHINGTON: "My Fred proposed to me by means of a little flower."

MRS. GRIM: "That is very odd. He told my George it was by means of some whiskey and water!"

—Fun.

## A STANDING JOKE.

THE erection of Cleopatra's Needle has taken place without any public demonstration of excitement. Judged by this we suppose it was an imposing ceremony, which the people regarded as needle(e)ss and about which they didn't care a pin.

—Fun.

## A STRONG TONIC.

AFTER the bark of a dog take his bite, and if that does not give a tone to the system we don't know what will.

—Fun.

## LION COUCHANT.

You ask your ma's sister to take a siesta,

"Lie on couch, aunt," you breathe in her ear;

While thus you request her you strangely suggest

A fierce beast, as above will appear.

—Fun.

## OF COURSE.

Is a man considered to be polite when he "bows to a decision?"

—Judy.

AN honest ignoramus, who had escaped a great peril by an act of heroism, was much complimented for his bravery. One lady said: "I wish I could have seen your feat." Whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally pointing to his pedal extremities, said: "Well, there they be, mum."

Morro for the Dynevors—Never say die.

—Fun.

A SISTER's advice to little brothers: "Whenever any of your sisters has company, and asks you to go and get a glass of water, go just as quickly as you can, but you needn't be in a hurry about coming back."

## EXAMINATION QUESTION.

STATE the difference, if any, between "dogs' meat" and "meet of the hounds."—Answer: In one case dead horses are referred to; in the other, living ones.

—Fun.

## MEUM ET TUUM.

THE holder of a certain Irish see is distinguished by the impunity with which he may utter a statement apparently subversive of the rights of property, viz, "Tuam est meum."

—Fun.

## LITERARY EUPHEMISM.

"I MERELY turned over the page, sir," said the butler, when rebuked for knocking down the buttons.

—Fun.

## STATISTICS.

THE WOOL PRODUCT OF THE WORLD.—We learn that the number of sheep in the world is now estimated at from four hundred and eighty-four to six hundred millions, of which the United States has about 36,000,000, and Great Britain the same number. From 1801 to 1875 the wool clip of Great Britain and Ireland increased from 24,000,000 to 325,000,000 pounds. That of France has increased almost as rapidly, though the wool is finer, as a rule, and hence the superiority of French cloths. Australia produces nearly as much wool as the

parent country—Great Britain. The United States product increased from very little at the beginning of the century to about 200,000,000 pounds at the present time. Of this California has produced about one fourth, and the Pacific coast as a whole almost one third. If the ratio of growth shown in the past prevails in the future, the day is not far distant when the Pacific coast will produce at least one half the wool produced in the United States, as not only California and Oregon, but also Washington, Idaho, Montana, Utah, and New Mexico are well adapted to its production.

## THE FLIRT FOILED.

It was summer time; the month was June;  
Far away in the distant west  
Lay the silver scythe of the growing moon  
On a golden sunset's crest.

The air was still, as though to list  
To the words of the lovers there,  
As they sat and solemnly plighted their troth  
With oaths such as lovers swear.

They sat by the side of the babbling brook,  
Each holding the other's hand—  
The bravest lad and the fairest lass  
In the whole length of the land.

"And thou wouldst be mine?" she sweetly said.  
"By thine eyes, while I live!" quoth he.  
Then I will be thine, come weal come woe,"  
With a blush of delight said she.

They sat again in the autumn time,  
By the self-same streamlet's side:  
And the cold white moon looked slyly down  
To learn what would next betide.

"For," said the moon, with a heartless grin,  
"There are lovers and lovers, I know;  
But how many lovers remember to love  
When the flowers have ceased to blow?"

These are the words that the cold moon heard,  
As she sat 'mid the stars on high;  
And these are the words that came with a shock  
To every star in the sky:

"I think," said the maid, as she hung her head,  
"Please do not deem me unkind,  
We were hasty, and I—I say it with pain—  
But I think I have changed my mind."

He did not break out in a burst of rage,  
He did not dissolve in tears:  
He did not laugh as they laugh on the stage,  
Or answer with taunts and jeers.

No. "'Tis odd," said he, "that a common thought  
Should move my mind and thine;  
While thou thinkest that thine is changed,  
I know that I've changed mine."

The stars wept, but the cynic moon  
Had never a tear to spare;  
But she laughed as the flirt went sadly home  
To bewail her folly there.

G. B.

## GEMS.

A GOLDEN rule for a young lady, is to converse always with your female friends as if a gentleman were of the party, and with young men as if your female companions were present.

THERE is no fortune so good but that it may be reversed, and none so bad but that it may be bettered. The sun that rises in clouds may set

in splendour, and that which rises in splendour may set in gloom.

THE greatest loss of time is delay and expectation, which depends upon the future. We let go the present, which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance—and so relinquish a certainty for an uncertainty.

## SCIENCE.

## INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

PROFESSOR PAUL BERT, who has recently devoted a great deal of attention to the study of the influence of light on animals and plants, denies that the leaves of the sensitive plant close on the approach of evening, the same as if they had been touched by the hand. On the contrary, he finds that from nine in the evening, after drooping, they expand again and attend the maximum of rigidity at two in the morning. What is commonly called the "sensitiveness" of plants is but the external manifestations of the influences of light.

Professor Bert placed plants in lanterns of different coloured glass; those under the influence of green glass drooped in the course of a few days as completely as if placed in utter darkness, proving that green rays are useless, and equal to none at all. In a few weeks all plants without exception thus treated died. It has been proved by the experiments of Zimirreff that the reducing power of the green matter of plants is proportionate to the quantity of red rays absorbed, and Bert shows that green glass precisely intercepts these coloured rays, and that plants exist more or less healthily in blue and violet rays.

In the animal world phenomena of a directly opposite nature are found, and of a more complex character. Here the light acts on the skin and the movements of the body, directly or through the visual organs. M. Pouchet has shown the changes in colour that certain animals undergo, according to the medium in which they live. For instance, young turbot resting on white sand assume an ashy tint, but when resting on a black bottom become brown; when deprived of its eyes the fish exhibits no change of colour in its skin; the phenomenon, therefore, seems to be nervous or optical.

Professor Bert placed a piece of paper with a cut design on the back of a sleeping chameleon; on bringing a lamp near the animal the skin gradually became brown, and on removing the paper a well defined image of the pattern appeared. In this case the light acted directly, and without nervous intervention. If, however, the eye of the chameleon be extracted, the corresponding side of the animal becomes insensible to the influence of the light.

## NEW EXPLOSIVE.

A NEW explosive agent has just been discovered by Professor Emerson Reynolds in the laboratory of Trinity College, Dublin. It is a mixture of 75 per cent. of chlorate of potassium with 25 per cent. of a body called sulphurea. It is a white powder, and can be ignited at a rather lower temperature than ordinary gunpowder, while the effects it produces are even more remarkable.

It has been successfully used in small cannon, but its discoverer thinks it will be of more service for blasting, shells, torpedoes, and like purposes. While ordinary gunpowder leaves about 57 per cent. solid residuum after explosion, this leaves but about 45 per cent. It can be produced at a moment's notice by a comparatively rough mixture of the ingredients, which can be transported and handled without risk so long as they are separate.

The sulphurea discovered by Professor Reynolds can be procured in large quantities from a product of gas manufacture which is now wasted.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**NELLY.**—The marriage is perfectly legal.  
**DAK.**—We are unable to comply with such an unusual question.  
**R. P.**—The poem you have sent is not quite good enough for publication.  
**ROMA.**—Such a young lady as you describe must be, we think, very good-looking.  
**H.**—If you feel that you cannot reciprocate the young man's love it were better not to marry him.  
**SIMMS.**—You must possess your soul with patience. Doubtless "Mr. Right" will come along presently.  
**Y. L.**—We cannot give you the address of an astrologer or "fortune-teller." Don't be so silly as to believe in any such impostor.  
**HILARY.**—The spire of Chichester Cathedral fell in 1361. The foundation of the new one was laid in 1865. We do not know its height.  
**L. F. S.**—To make ice cream, ginger-beer, family currant cake, &c., refer to previous numbers during the past six months.  
**ELIZABETH W.**—It is necessary to forward with all communications name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.  
**BLANCHE.**—A marriage registrar's office is conducted in a similar manner to the church procedure, but the service is curtailed. The usual direct questions are put by the registrar to the happy couple.  
**CARLO.**—An eminent man has left on record "That the proper study of mankind is man." Therefore in reply to your question we may suggest to you the study of human nature in connection with the history of your own country.  
**JULIA W.**—The executors are allowed at least a year wherein to settle claims on the testator's estate. From your note it appears that this year has not expired. We apprehend you will find everything in order when the proper time arrives.  
**REGINALD.**—Maize, or Indian corn, will ripen in England, and the ears will attain considerable size. It is an extremely handsome plant during growth, and the kernels are very palatable when cooked—being something like green peas in flavour.  
**ALICE.**—You may safely trust to his perseverance if he is really smitten with you. And as you have afforded him all the opportunity he can rationally expect you should make his perseverance the criterion of the kind and depth of interest he has already manifested.  
**A. F.**—You must reside in London two or three weeks before your marriage, that is if you intend to be married in London. Directly you arrive you should make application to the parish clerk of the church at which you propose to be married; he will put you in the way. You will find no difficulty.  
**TABONI.**—Half an ounce of tobacco per week is a moderate allowance for a smoker, and could, we think, be used without detriment by a person who had a taste for the soothing weed. But tobacco is a luxury which should be denied to the very young. The age of twenty-two or twenty-three is quite early enough to begin to smoke.  
**A CORRESPONDENT.**—The photo forwarded to us is evidently one of a hearty, strong young woman, who would most likely make a man a hardworking, industrious wife. The contour of the face is good, the eyes full, and the nose apparently slightly retroussé. If the mouth is not strictly in accord with the Grecian outline it is proportionate to the face.  
**J. H.**—In advising which of two suitors a young lady should choose, one being good-tempered and not very well off, the other being bad-tempered and well off, we are inclined to say take the good-tempered one. A good temper is almost everything in married life. The reason why it is not quite everything is that it cannot of itself earn bread and cheese.  
**R.**—The term waistcoat originally signified an under garment reaching to the waist. It afterwards became the principal male garment, and superseded the doublet; but in the seventeenth century it resumed its original form. Pepys in 1663 mentions seeing the Queen in "a white-laced waistcoat." During the reign of Charles II. (1660—1685) gentlemen wore waistcoats reaching to the knees, and this fashion continued till about 1772, when the members of the Macaroni Club introduced short waist-

**VIOLET AND GERTRUDE**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Violet is twenty-three, fond of music, medium height, dark. Gertrude is twenty, fair, tall, handsome, fond of dancing.  
**LILL**, twenty-two, tall, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-five.  
**STEVE WALK, TROTTER, and FLAPPER**, three chums in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Steve is twenty, good-looking, fond of music. Trotter is twenty-one, medium height, fair, fond of children. Flapper is tall, good-looking, fond of dancing.  
**GRACE and BELL**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Grace is seventeen, fair, medium height, grey eyes. Bell is twenty-six, brown hair and eyes, fond of home.  
**MOLLY, SINDA, and ZAZEL**, three friends, would like to correspond with three tall young gentlemen. Molly is twenty-two. Sinda is loving, good-tempered. Zazel is nineteen, medium height, and fair. Respondents must be fond of music.  
**JAMES**, twenty-three, blue eyes, fond of home and dancing, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty.  
**JULIA and MINNIE**, two friends, wish to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Julia is thirty. Minnie is nineteen, dark hair and eyes, fond of home.  
**FIVE FUSE, NINE FUSE, and TWENTY-SECOND FUSE**, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Five Fuse is dark, medium height. Nine Fuse is tall, auburn hair, blue eyes. Twenty-Second Fuse is of medium height, hazel eyes, loving.

## MATED CONTRASTS.

When verse and prose in Hymen's soft  
 Love-knot unite their fortune,  
 It might be thought that each would oft  
 The other's faults importune;  
 But still we may supply the test  
 Of bliss secure and lasting  
 To prove the tie holds often best  
 In natures most contrasting.

Sophronia, of the dreamy gaze,  
 Adores the soft romantic,  
 While Jack, her lord, at every phase  
 Of rhyme is driven frantic;  
 The homeliest things she gently names  
 In softest guise of diction,  
 He calls a spade a spade, and shames  
 With truth the fairest fiction.

A charming view claims first her pains  
 When they their home would vary,  
 While he insists on healthy drains,  
 Tight roofs and collars airy;  
 At market, 'mid the flowers, she speaks  
 Of life's types, that he heed it,  
 While he among the butchers seeks  
 The wherewithal to feed it.

The sunset clouds her fancy strike  
 As visions bright and wavy,  
 While he confesses they are like  
 The streaks in mutton-gravy;  
 And thus, while she with soulful wings  
 To lift their state is ready,  
 He, body, brain, and sinew brings  
 To keep the fabric steady.

And yet, despite these contrasts keen,  
 They're ne'er on discord stranding;  
 Each on the other seems to lean  
 Through some good understanding;  
 It must be each is born adept  
 To trim the other nearer,  
 And so the marriage plank is kept  
 Upon an even teeter.

N. D. U.

**WILLIAM**, eighteen, brown hair, blue eyes, and tall, wishes to correspond with a young lady who is good-tempered.  
**CHARLIE**, twenty-two, dark, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age with a view to matrimony.  
**BOB and FRED**, two sailors in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Bob is twenty-two, dark. Fred is twenty-one, fair. Respondents must be about twenty.  
**ALONSO**, nineteen, tall, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman who is fond of home.  
**NANCY and MARY**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Nancy is nineteen, dark hair, grey eyes, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home and children. Mary is twenty-two, medium height, good-looking, dark, brown hair, hazel eyes, fond of home. Respondents must be about the same age, good-looking.  
**M. D. F. and G. G. H.**, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. M. D. F. is nineteen, of a loving disposition, tall. G. G. H. is twenty, dark, black eyes, medium height.  
**LADRA**, seventeen, light hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman loving and fond of home.  
**L. D. and D. N.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. L. D. is twenty-two, of medium height, fair, loving. D. N. is twenty, tall, dark, good-looking.  
**E. P.**, twenty-two, tall, dark blue eyes, fair, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Must be twenty-five,

**W. E. and M. H.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. W. E. is twenty-one, fair, brown hair, blue eyes, good-tempered. M. H. is seventeen, dark brown hair, blue eyes, medium height, of a loving disposition.  
**KATHIE**, twenty-one, fair, medium height, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young man fond of home.  
**N. C. and M. R.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. N. C. is nineteen, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music, of a loving disposition. M. R. is twenty-two, light hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children.  
**L. C. J.**, dark hair, hazel eyes, tall, good-tempered, fair, would like to correspond with a lady about thirty, dark hair and eyes, medium height, good-looking, of a loving disposition.  
**GERALDINE**, twenty-three, brown hair, hazel eyes, tall, domesticated, good-tempered, fond of music, would like to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be twenty-four, fond of home, fair, loving.  
**H. B.**, twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a young man. Respondent must be loving.  
**A. F.**, twenty-four, dark, handsome, would like to correspond with a young lady about his own age. Must be fond of home.  
**WALTER**, twenty, blue eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty-three with a view to matrimony.  
**C. V., B. B., and T. W.**, three friends, would like to correspond with three young ladies. C. V. is nineteen, light hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition. B. B. is twenty-one, dark, medium height, fond of home. T. W. is nineteen, brown hair, tall, dark, fond of home and music. Respondents must be about nineteen, of loving dispositions.  
**C. P. and L. B.**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. C. P. is twenty, tall, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home. L. B. is twenty-four, medium height, dark brown hair, dark eyes, and very fond of music.  
**HARLEY**, twenty-four, fond of home and children, loving, golden hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-eight, dark hair, brown eyes, good-looking, medium height, fond of home and children.  
**A. H.**, twenty-two, brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman. Must be about twenty-five, dark, fond of home, and blue eyes.  
**S. C. H.**, twenty-four, dark hair, hazel eyes, fair, and medium height, wishes to correspond with a gentleman. Must be good-looking.  
**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:**  
**A. C. E.** is responded to by—G. K., twenty, medium height, brown hair, dark blue eyes.  
**A. M. by—Lysie**, twenty-one, dark eyes, fond of home, fair.  
**B. B. by—Alice**, nineteen, light brown hair, hazel eyes, fair, loving.  
**T. L. by—Violet**, eighteen, golden hair, blue eyes, and fond of home.  
**L. D. by—Penelope**, eighteen, fair, brown eyes, good-looking.  
**T. M. by—Conny**, nineteen, black hair, dark eyes, fond of home.  
**J. S. by—Nellie**, domesticated, fair, fond of music and dancing.  
**HARRY by—Gertie**, twenty-one, dark, good-looking, and fond of home.  
**WILLIE by—Nannie**, eighteen, dark hair and eyes, good-looking.  
**T. L. by—C. D.**, nineteen.  
**ALICE by—F. J. P.**  
**LONELY WILLIE by—Loving Lizzie**, twenty, tall, fond of home.  
**CHARLEY by—Cocoon**  
**DICK by—Stickjaws**  
**POLLY by—George**, twenty-four, fair, tall, good-looking, auburn hair, dark eyes, fond of home and children.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NELLY.—The marriage is perfectly legal.  
DAN.—We are unable to comply with such an unusual question.

E. P.—The poem you have sent is not quite good enough for publication.

ROSA.—Such a young lady as you describe must be, we think, very good-looking.

H.—If you feel that you cannot reciprocate the young man's love it were better not to marry him.

SIMES.—You must possess your soul with patience. Doubtless "Mr. Right" will come along presently.

Y. L.—We cannot give you the address of an astrologer or "fortune-teller." Don't be so silly as to believe in any such impostor.

HILARY.—The spire of Chichester Cathedral fell in 1361. The foundation of the new one was laid in 1865. We do not know its height.

L. F. S.—To make ice cream, ginger-beer, family currant cake, &c., refer to previous numbers during the past six months.

ELIZABETH W.—It is necessary to forward with all communications name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

BLANCH.—A marriage at a registrar's office is conducted in a similar manner to the church procedure, but the service is curtailed. The usual direct questions are put by the registrar to the happy couple.

CARLO.—An eminent man has left on record "That the proper study of mankind is man." Therefore in reply to your question we may suggest to you the study of human nature in connection with the history of your own country.

JULIA W.—The executors are allowed at least a year wherein to settle claims on the testator's estate. From your note it appears that this year has not expired. We apprehend you will find everything in order when the proper time arrives.

REGINALD.—Maize, or Indian corn, will ripen in England, and the ears will attain considerable size. It is an extremely handsome plant during growth, and the kernels are very palatable when cooked—being something like green peas in flavour.

ALICE.—You may safely trust to his perseverance if he is really smitten with you. And as you have afforded him all the opportunity he can rationally expect you should make his perseverance the criterion of the kind and depth of interest he has already manifested.

A. F.—You must reside in London two or three weeks before your marriage, that is if you intend to be married in London. Directly you arrive you should make application to the parish clerk of the church at which you propose to be married; he will put you in the way. You will find no difficulty.

TABONI.—Half an ounce of tobacco per week is a moderate allowance for a smoker, and could, we think, be used without detriment by a person who had a taste for the soothing weed. But tobacco is a luxury which should be denied to the very young. The age of twenty-two or twenty-three is quite early enough to begin to smoke.

A CONSTANT READER.—The photo forwarded to us is evidently one of a hearty, strong young woman, who would most likely make a hardworking, industrious wife. The contour of the face is good, the eyes full, and the nose apparently slightly retroussé. If the mouth is not strictly in accord with the Grecian outline it is proportionate to the face.

J. H.—In advising which of two suitors a young lady should choose, one being good-tempered and not very well off, the other being bad-tempered and well off, we are inclined to say take the good-tempered one. A good temper is almost everything in married life. The reason why it is not quite everything is that it cannot of itself earn bread and cheese.

R.—The term waistcoat originally signified an under garment reaching to the waist. It afterwards became the principal male garment, and superseded the doublet; but in the seventeenth century it resumed its original form. Poyas in 1666 mentions seeing the Queen in "a white-hatched waistcoat." During the reign of Charles II. (1660–1685) gentlemen wore waistcoats reaching to the knees, and this fashion continued till about 1772, when the members of the Macaroni Club introduced short waist-

VIOLET and GERTRUDE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Violet is twenty-three, fond of music, medium height, dark. Gertrude is twenty, fair, tall, handsome, fond of dancing.

LILY, twenty-two, tall, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-five.

STERN WALK, TROTTER, and FLAPPER, three chums in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Stern Walk is twenty, good-looking, fond of music. Trotter is twenty-one, medium height, fair, fond of children. Flapper is tall, good-looking, fond of dancing.

GRACE and BELL, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Grace is seventeen, fair, medium height, grey eyes. Bell is twenty-six, brown hair and eyes, fond of home.

MOLLY, SINDA, and ZAZEL, three friends, would like to correspond with three tall young gentlemen. Molly is twenty-two. Sinda is loving, good-tempered. Zazel is nineteen, medium height, and fair. Respondents must be fond of music.

JAMES, twenty-three, blue eyes, fond of home and dancing, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty.

JULIA and MINNIE, two friends, wish to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Julia is thirty. Minnie is nineteen, dark hair and eyes, fond of home.

FIVE FUZE, NINE FUZE, and TWENTY-SECOND FUZE, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Five Fuzes is dark, medium height. Nine Fuzes is tall, auburn hair, blue eyes. Twenty-Second Fuzes is of medium height, hazel eyes, loving.

## MATED CONTRASTS.

When verse and prose in Hymen's soft  
Love-knot unite their fortune  
It might be thought that each would oft  
The other's faults importune;  
But still we may supply the test  
Of bliss secure and lasting  
To prove the tie holds often best  
In natures most contrasting.

Sophronis, of the dreamy gaze,  
Adores the soft romantic,  
While Jack, her lord, at every phase  
Of rhyme is driven frantic;  
The homeliest things she gently names  
In softest guise of diction,  
He calls a spade a spade, and shames  
With truth the fairest fiction.

A charming view claims first her pains  
When they their home would vary,  
While he insists on healthy drains,  
Tight roofs and cellars airy;  
At market, 'mid the flowers, she speaks  
Of life's types, that he heed it,  
While he among the butchers seeks  
The wherewithal to feed it.

The sunset clouds her fancy strike  
As visions bright and wary,  
While he confesses they are like  
The streaks in mutton-gravy;  
And thus, while she with soulful wings  
To lift their state is ready,  
He, body, brain, and sinew brings  
To keep the fabric steady.

And yet, despite these contrasts keen,  
They're ne'er on discord stranding;  
Each on the other seems to lean  
Through some good understanding;  
It must be each is born adept  
To trim the other nearer,  
And so the marriage plank is kept  
Upon an even teeter.

N. D. U.

WILLIAM, eighteen, brown hair, blue eyes, and tall, wishes to correspond with a young lady who is good-tempered.

CHARLIE, twenty-two, dark, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age with a view to matrimony.

BOB and FRED, two sailors in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Bob is twenty-two, dark. Fred is twenty-one, fair. Respondents must be about twenty.

ALONE, nineteen, tall, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman who is fond of home.

NANCY and MARY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Nancy is nineteen, dark hair, grey eyes, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home and children. Mary is twenty-two, medium height, good-looking, dark, brown hair, hazel eyes, fond of home. Respondents must be about the same age, good-looking.

M. D. F. and G. G. H., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. M. D. F. is nineteen, of a loving disposition, tall. G. G. H. is twenty, dark, black eyes, medium height.

LAURA, seventeen, light hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman loving and fond of home.

L. D. and D. N., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. L. D. is twenty-two, of medium height, fair, loving. D. N. is twenty, tall, dark, good-looking.

R. P., twenty-two, tall, dark blue eyes, fair, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Must be twenty-five,

W. E. and M. H., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. W. E. is twenty-one, fair, brown hair, blue eyes, good-tempered. M. H. is seventeen, dark brown hair, blue eyes, medium height, of a loving disposition.

KATHINE, twenty-one, fair, medium height, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young man fond of home.

N. C. and M. B., two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. N. C. is nineteen, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music, of a loving disposition. M. B. is twenty-two, light hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children.

L. C. J., dark hair, hazel eyes, tall, good-tempered, fair, would like to correspond with a lady about thirty, dark hair and eyes, medium height, good-looking, of a loving disposition.

GERALDINE, twenty-three, brown hair, hazel eyes, tall, domesticated, good-tempered, fond of music, would like to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be twenty-four, fond of home, fair, loving.

H. B., twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a young man. Respondent must be loving.

A. F., twenty-four, dark, handsome, would like to correspond with a young lady about his own age. Must be fond of home.

WALTER, twenty, blue eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty-three with a view to matrimony.

C. V., B. B., and T. W., three friends, would like to correspond with three young ladies. C. V. is nineteen, light hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition. B. B. is twenty-one, dark, medium height, fond of home. T. W. is nineteen, brown hair, tall, dark, fond of home and music. Respondents must be about nineteen, of loving dispositions.

C. P. and L. B., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. C. P. is twenty, tall, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home. L. B. is twenty-four, medium height, dark brown hair, dark eyes, and very fond of music.

HELEN, twenty-four, fond of home and children, loving, golden hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-eight, dark hair, brown eyes, good-looking, medium height, fond of home and children.

A. H., twenty-two, brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman. Must be about twenty-five, dark, fond of home, and blue eyes.

S. C. H., twenty-four, dark hair, hazel eyes, fair, and medium height, wishes to correspond with a gentleman. Must be good-looking.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

A. C. E. is responded to by—G. K., twenty, medium height, brown hair, dark blue eyes.

A. M. by—Lysie, twenty-one, dark eyes, fond of home, fair.

E. B. by—Alice, nineteen, light brown hair, hazel eyes, tall.

T. L. by—Violet, eighteen, golden hair, blue eyes, and fond of home.

L. D. by—Penelope, eighteen, fair, brown eyes, good-looking.

T. M. by—Conny, nineteen, black hair, dark eyes, fond of home.

J. S. by—Nellie, domesticated, fair, fond of music and dancing.

HARRY by—Gertie, twenty-one, dark, good-looking, and fond of home.

WILLIE by—Nannie, eighteen, dark hair and eyes, good-looking.

T. L. by—C. D., nineteen.

ALICE by—F. J. P.

LOVELY WILLIE by—Loving Lizzie, twenty, tall, fond of home.

CHARLEY by—Cocoa.

DICK by—Stickjaws.

POLLY by—George, twenty-four, fair, tall, good-looking, auburn hair, dark eyes, fond of home and children.

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# THE LONDON READER

Of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

PART 185, VOL. XXXI.—JUNE, 1878.

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By appointment Surgeon-Dentist to the Queen.

"To G. H. Jones, Esq."

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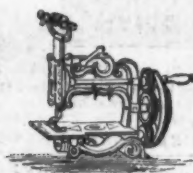
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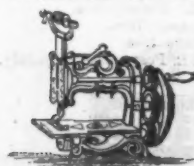
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